THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for December, 1932

Articles

TOWARD TECHNOCRACY
INTRODUCTION 292
ENGLAND AND TECHNOCRACY ..... *A London Editor* 294
TECHNOCRACY SPEAKS ..... *Howard Scott* 297
TWO DANGER SPOTS OF WAR
I. BRITAIN'S SECRET POLICY ..... *Hilaire Belloc* 304
II. HOW FRANCE RULES RUMANIA ..... *Rudolf Herrnstadt* 306
THE REAL MONTAGU NORMAN
I. MR. MONTAGU NORMAN ..... *Viscount Snowden* 313
II. ONE STEP ENOUGH ..... *Montagu Norman* 316
III. NORMAN FOR STABILITY ..... *'Yaffle'* 318
WHEN GREEK MEETS GERMAN
I. BEWARE OF THE GREEKS ..... *Theodor Lessing* 327
II. MONKS OF ATHOS ..... *G. Christoph* 331
HINDU SWAMIS AND WOMEN OF THE WEST ..... *Cornelia Sorabji* 338
CREATIVE ART IN RUSSIA
I. BRIGHTER ART FOR RUSSIA ..... *Dr. Richard Lewinsohn* 346
II. RUSSIA'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE ..... *Hans E. Friedrich* 350
A PAIR OF STREET SCENES
I. MOSCOW TOMBOY ..... *Leo Lania* 355
II. DEATH IN CONSTANTINOPLE ..... *Richard Hülsenbeck* 357

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 283
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
PABLO PICASSO ..... *Eugenio d'Ors* 320
THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD ..... *Annie Quensel* 322
MURRY'S MERRY MEN ..... *E. Rolph* 324
BOOKS ABROAD 361
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 367
AS OTHERS SEE US 371
WAR AND PEACE 376

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

OUR two leading articles on Technocracy are thoroughly explained in an introductory note. Here we need only add that a growing number of thoughtful people all over the world are coming to the opinion that Howard Scott's Technocracy group is doing the most important research work in the country at the present time and that no other organization or individual has presented such a profound analysis of the scientific causes of recent social change. We therefore make no apologies for Mr. Scott's close reasoning or for the close reading that it requires, for he is describing for the first time under his own name the aims and methods of Technocracy. It is an enormous subject of which more will be heard, as Mr. Scott's thermodynamic interpretation of social phenomena extends the physical researches of such men as Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, and Max Planck to their technological conclusions with reference to the operation of a modern social mechanism. An editorial from A. R. Orage's *New English Weekly* serves as the point of departure for Mr. Scott's own statement.

OUR last two articles on the war danger —'The Secret International' and 'Steel against Peace'—were written from the liberal and radical point of view. This month we present an equally alarmist analysis of British policy by Hilaire Belloc, who is one of the most distinguished Roman Catholic pamphl teers now writing in any language. He a uses the British Foreign Office of delibe tely but secretly encouraging the Pru sian general staff to get Germany to fight Poland. If this interpretation is correct, the Anglo-French entente merely covers their war-debt policies and does not bind them to pursue a single policy in Europe.

IN WARNING England against the dangers of war between Poland and Germany, Mr. Belloc implicitly takes the side of France, but if we are to judge by Rudolf Herrnstadt's description of what the French are up to in Rumania, the Quai d'Orsay can hardly be regarded as a pacifistic institution. It appears that Rumania's new foreign minister, Titulescu, is playing into the hands of Tardieu and attempting to wreck Herriot by refusing to sign a nonaggression treaty with Russia. Herriot's plan seems to be to form a sanitary cordon of alliances between the states that separate Russia from Germany and to tie them all up with Russia in such a way that, if Germany attacks Poland, Russia will have to remain neutral. With this scheme Tardieu does not seem to agree.

THE PUBLICATION of Dr. Paul Einzig's book on Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, has called public attention to one of the most powerful and mysterious figures in post-war Europe. Viscount Snowden, who learned not only to admire but to agree with Mr. Norman while serving as Chancellor of the Exchequer, reviews Dr. Einzig's book and gives Mr. Norman credit for bringing Europe back to the gold standard and helping to make possible the considerable degree of prosperity attained between 1925 and 1930. Viscount Snowden's review is followed by the complete text of Mr. Norman's recent speech at a Lord Mayor's dinner in London. Finally, to take off the curse of seriousness that hangs over so many articles on finance, we give some humorous and unorthodox reflections of 'Yaffle' in the columns of the Independent Labor Party's official weekly organ.

THEODOR LESSING is already familiar to our readers as a philosopher, historian, and essayist with a humorous,

(*Continued on page 375*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

WAL HANNINGTON, Communist leader of the British hunger marchers, takes precedence over both Montagu Norman and Neville Chamberlain as an effective propagandist in behalf of a further reduction of British war-debt payments to the United States. Judiciously selected excerpts from Mr. Norman's speech were cabled to the United States and led Wall Street to fear that the man in charge of British monetary policy was admitting his helplessness. The Chancellor of the Exchequer allegedly withdrew the support that his special 150,000,000-pound fund had been giving to sterling, thus making it generally evident that more pounds than ever would be needed to repay the United States in dollars. But the hunger marchers made a universal emotional appeal. Here were some thousands of unemployed men and women exhibiting the misery to which a barren public treasury had reduced them. Although they failed to achieve their real purpose of presenting a petition with a million signatures to Parliament and of causing the Means Test to be abolished, they succeeded in creating the widespread impression that some British citizens need the help of their treasury more than American taxpayers do.

But the hunger march proves something more than that England would have difficulty in continuing war-debt payments at the present reduced rate. It also proves that the temper of the unemployed is becoming violent. Conservative organs emphasized the Communist

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affiliations of the leaders of the march and their dependence on Russian funds, but the determination of the marchers themselves in the face of considerable hardship showed that there are wide masses in England, similar to our own bonus marchers, who have nothing to lose. A new book entitled *Hungry England* by A. Fenner Brockway of the Independent Labor Party contains some striking factual evidence of the present health of the country, and one significant passage contrasts the conditions in two parts of Glasgow—Calton, the worker's district, and Cathcart, where the comfortable classes live:—

	Calton	Cathcart
Acreage	333	1,327
Population	33,971	27,150
Persons per acre	102	20
Birth-rate per 1,000	28.6	11.1
Death-rate per 1,000	19.3	9.9
Infant mortality-rate per 1,000	131	50

UP TO NOW world financial opinion has hovered between two policies. On the one hand is the inflationist school dominant in the United States, where the real budget deficit amounted to nearly a billion dollars when the present fiscal year was one-third over. On the other hand is the deflationist school dominant in England, where the budget is in balance. The former school believes in banking reflation, public works, and government subsidies to private business. The latter school believes in scaling down production costs and in reducing the interest rates on government securities. Why the United States has preferred inflation and England deflation need not concern us here. It is enough to say that in both countries objective conditions determined the courses that were pursued. But it is doubtful whether either country will succeed and it is virtually impossible for either country to accomplish anything by itself. The *New Statesman and Nation*, reflecting the views of J. M. Keynes, insists that

> the key to the situation is agreement between Great Britain and the United States on the basis of an agreed policy of monetary reflation. The obstacles to such a policy are, we think, more likely to be found here than in the United States; and the first step is for British statesmanship to come down plainly on the reflationist side. If we are prepared to adopt a courageous reflationist, and expansionist, financial policy in union with the United States, it will be well worth our while to leave such questions as tariffs and war debts in the background for the time being, with the assurance that they can be approached in a new atmosphere when once the new financial policy has been definitely launched

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upon the world. The Americans are 'reflating' already, and we are not. Are we prepared to make the national reflation in the United States the basis for an international policy of monetary expansion?

The alternative, according to the *New Statesman and Nation*, is disaster.

JUST AS the chances of a new war-debt settlement between England and the United States are improved by such events as the hunger march, Montagu Norman's speech, and the fall of the pound, so France may succeed in convincing America of its inability to meet the present rate of debt payment by running up an enormous budget deficit. Vice President Chappedelaine of the Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has estimated that the budget for the calendar year of 1933 will show a deficit of eight billion francs and that the budget for the present nine months' fiscal year that began last April will show a four-billion-franc deficit. Cuts have been made in government salaries and the *Rentes* conversion saved 1,300,000,000 francs. But income-tax returns continue to lag, and large sums must be appropriated to aid the railways, pay pensions, support Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, and initiate various public works. Foreign trade continues to decline, the volume of exports and imports having diminished twenty-four per cent in the first nine months of 1932 as compared with the same period last year, though the adverse trade balance has been reduced. Political discontent in France seems to have taken much the same moderate form that it did in the American presidential election. During the last Senate elections the Radical Socialists, who support Herriot, gained nine seats, whereas the Marxian Socialists, who support Léon Blum, lost slightly. Clearly, conditions in France have not yet become so alarming that the voters are turning to extremist parties.

AS HANS ZEHRER'S article from *Die Tat* prophesied last month, the November elections in Germany yielded no new result except that the National Socialists have suffered a loss and seem to have passed their zenith. German newspapers intimate that Von Papen is likely to disappear soon and be supplanted by Von Schleicher or Dr. Bracht. Von Papen's weakness from the start has been his lack of popular support, whereas Von Schleicher has kept on good terms with the Nazis and favors an unorthodox programme of economic reconstruction along vaguely socialistic lines. By ousting the Socialist government from Prussia last July, Von Schleicher executed the *coup d'état* that Hitler should have attempted, and now the Nazi movement has been transformed from a potential source of revolution to a substantial political block that might be persuaded to support a government of the right.

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The confused aims of the Nazi leaders have been revealed in *Das Tage-Buch*, which simply placed side by side some of the statements made by Gregor Strasser, the man with the largest popular following in the whole Nazi movement, to his own countrymen and to the American journalist, H. R. Knickerbocker. Speaking for the Nazis, Strasser said to Mr. Knickerbocker, 'We are for the gold standard,' whereas his immediate economic programme for the Nazi Party, written in June 1932, stated: 'National Socialism has demanded for years the departure of Germany from the gold standard.' Strasser made similar direct contradictions on the subject of autarchy, payment of private foreign loans, seizure of power by force, and the socialization of business. If and when the Nazis take a share in the government, their policies will conform to the statements made to Mr. Knickerbocker rather than to their official programme—provided, of course, Von Schleicher remains in real control.

THE PLIGHT of the unemployed in Germany has inspired the national genius for organization with many schemes that might be adapted elsewhere. Like the United States and unlike England, Germany attacks unemployment as a local rather than a national problem and has developed the most cordial coöperation between national, municipal, and private agencies. Three categories of people do work in exchange for unemployment relief—those who are paid by the state and municipality ten per cent less than the minimum wage for their occupations, those who receive three meals a day and a small amount of cash in return for some public work, and those who receive three meals a day, boots, and six marks a week for work of any kind that is not in the interest of private property but for the benefit of the community. Various schemes to enable the unemployed to maintain themselves have been adopted. Cooking and laundry work are done for the unemployed by the unemployed and in some cities the unemployed are building houses for themselves. The intention is not to create small holders dependent on the land for their entire livelihood but to bring into existence a new type of industrial worker who can supplement his savings from good times with the fruits of another occupation when times are bad. With five million of its sixty-five million inhabitants out of work, Germany has a smaller proportion of unemployed than the United States, but its efforts to deal with them and to enlist all available resources have been amazingly efficient.

HAVING EXPORTED food-stuffs valued at 256 million gulden to Germany in 1931 and having imported coal and manufactured goods valued at 619 million gulden during the same period, Holland is planning to take steps against Germany's endeavors to reduce her Dutch imports

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to twelve per cent of what used to be normal. Since 1929, German imports of Dutch butter have declined nearly eighty per cent and imports of green cabbage nearly seventy-five per cent. The present Dutch-German trade treaty expires at the end of this year, and the Netherlands are said to be negotiating with England to take British coal in exchange for their own food-stuffs. In spite of the Ottawa agreements, England is trying to include the Scandinavian states in a single free-trade area using a revaluated pound sterling as a common currency base. Holland, however, has not yet abandoned the gold standard and responsible officials in the Hague deny that they plan to do so, although the decline of the pound has caused Dutch exports of butter and eggs to England to diminish sixty per cent, while Denmark and New Zealand were increasing their business. If England should conclude a trade agreement with Holland, Germany would be the chief sufferer, since German exports to Holland are worth twice as much as English exports.

THE PRESENCE of the Duke of Connaught at the wedding of the Crown Prince of Sweden to Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha symbolized the tacit support which, according to Hilaire Belloc, official British policy is now giving to the Prussian general staff, most of whose members favor a restoration of the monarchy almost as much as they do a war with Poland. The same function also gave the Nazis an opportunity to display their loyalty to the old nobility and the new militarism. Hitler's storm troops paraded before the assembled guests, the local burgomaster appeared in a Nazi uniform, as did one of the Coburg princes, and Hitler himself sent a telegram of congratulation to the father of the bride. Royalty has almost vanished from positions of responsibility since the War, but the crisis of the past two years has given the good old days a new lustre. The spectacle of German princes and German Nazis sharing the spotlight of the Coburg wedding, with a few members of foreign nobility providing the background, shows that the whole world is not yet quite safe for democracy.

STILL ANOTHER indication of British hostility to Poland and, inferentially, of British friendliness to German militarism, has appeared in the form of a petition to the Council of the League of Nations signed by a group of Conservative, Liberal, and Labor Members of Parliament protesting against the very existence of Polish rule in the Ukraine. Most petitions in the past have merely referred to the beating of Ukrainian peasants and the destruction of their homes by Polish authorities, but this one inquires whether Poland has any legal right to continue to exercise sovereignty over the Ukraine, in view of the unfulfilled promises that were given as the condition of that sovereignty. On March 15, 1923,

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the Conference of Ambassadors made Eastern Galicia part of Poland subject to the following preamble: 'Whereas it is recognized by Poland that as far as the eastern part of Galicia is concerned the ethnographic conditions necessitate an autonomous régime,' and on March 20, 1923, Bonar Law, then prime minister, stated in reply to a question raised by the present foreign minister, Sir John Simon, that the recognition of the necessity for Ukrainian autonomy was the condition upon which Ukrainian territory was included within Polish frontiers.

THE WORLD-WIDE DROP in interest rates has now spread to Italy. England having converted its war loans and France its *Rentes*, the banks of Italy have agreed to reduce their interest rates on checking accounts to three per cent and on savings accounts to four per cent. In making this cut the banks are simply responding to public demand. During the War, the practice arose in Italy for banks to pay as high as six and a half per cent interest on both checking and savings accounts. The result was that investors would put their money into banks instead of buying securities, thus forcing the banks to put funds into speculative ventures. When the crash came the banks suffered and depositors shifted their money to postal savings banks, which paid lower interest rates but which were at least safe. Between December 1928 and June 1932 deposits in the eight largest Italian banks rose from 4,695 million lire to 4,789 millions, while deposits in postal savings banks rose from 10,819 million lire to 15,421 and in savings banks from 15,684 millions to 18,259.

HERRIOT'S VISIT to Spain not only gave rise to numerous speculations in the foreign press but it seems to have aroused suspicions among the Spaniards themselves, who greeted him with several hostile demonstrations. That Spain and France should enter into some kind of alliance is only natural, for the abdication of King Alfonso removed from power the interests that had kept Spain neutral during the War and that had turned the country toward Fascist Italy rather than toward republican France since 1922. But, in spite of the fact that few Spaniards desire a restoration of the monarchy, fewer still wish to have their country drawn into the French network of alliances. Whatever Herriot may have said in public or discussed in private, there is every reason to believe that he tried to work out some kind of Franco-Spanish *rapprochement*. For France is interested in securing the use of the Balearic Islands as a naval base, in building a railroad to Gibraltar of the same gauge that is used all over Europe except in Spain and Russia, in wiping out banditry in Spanish Morocco, and in securing Spanish support at the Disarmament Conference with a specific view toward making Spain rather than Switzerland a depot where armaments of all nations could be deposited,

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Switzerland being too close to Germany. Since her revolution Spain has played a passive part in world affairs, a rôle that hardly accords with the cosmopolitan views of her republican leaders. It therefore seems likely that some agreement with France will be made, especially in regard to checking the spread of Communism.

IN VIENNA, the home of Sigmund Freud, the divorce rate was twenty-five per cent higher in 1931 than in the years 1919–1923. Every fourth marriage in the Austrian capital now ends in the divorce court, and the recent increase indicates that economic conditions must be even worse to-day than they were during the post-war inflation. The *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, a conservative daily, secured the following statement from a local judge who wished to preserve his anonymity:—

> Economic hardship has made the institution of marriage somewhat precarious. In the great majority of cases modern marriages come to grief as a result of poverty, lack of money, and unemployment. No longer do the emotional conflicts of former times prevent two people from living together. Misunderstandings, differences of temperament, and conflicting personalities no longer make so much difference. Ultimately, all these sources of conflict have to do with the luxury of indulging one's emotions and hence arise from the interior life of the individual. A few marriages still come to grief for some such inner reason, but thousands are shattered by petty friction, nervousness, and disappointment that are due solely to material circumstances.
>
> For example, the typical unemployed husband is condemned to spend his day idly at home. Thus many opportunities occur for him to intrude on the sphere of activity that has always belonged to the wife alone. The husband also witnesses the terrible results of his own unemployment. He sees how often the barest necessities are lacking and how all kinds of economies must be made. The result is extreme depression that expresses itself in melancholy, apathy, and irritation.
>
> But the idleness of the husband also endangers marriage because it makes him more likely to be unfaithful, especially if the wife has a job, in which case she comes home in the evening dead tired and wants rest and sleep while the man is entirely fresh and wants excitement. Therefore, since he has plenty of time, he seeks out a girl friend. All these conditions, which are chiefly the result of economic factors, explain why the divorce rate has increased so tremendously.

A lawyer interviewed by the same paper asserted that half the divorces in 1932 were granted to people who had married during the inflation. No more striking evidence could be found showing how the world crisis affects the lives of individuals.

RUDOLF HERRNSTADT'S description of the way French politicians transfer their intrigues to Rumanian soil throws light on merely one of the danger spots in Eastern Europe. Precisely the same popular discontent that has forced Rumanian statesmen into the arms of France and has prevented reconciliation with Russia exists in other Balkan

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countries, though it takes different forms. Hungary, with the most reactionary government in Europe, had to turn to General Gömbös to set up a semi-Fascist régime of violent nationalism; Greece is swinging toward monarchism and away from the republicanism of Venizelos; Albania is threatened with a nationalist revolution directed against the present Italian protectorate of King Zog; in Bulgaria the Communists won a majority of seats in the municipal council of Sofia. But Yugoslavia's condition is perhaps even more threatening, for Yugoslavia has not only suffered from all the ill effects of nationalism that have plagued the other succession states; it has also failed to satisfy the demands of two large national minorities—the Croats and the Slovenes. At present a rigid censorship prevents any detailed information concerning recent disorders from leaving the country, but it is known that the Serbian officials in Belgrade have had to supplement the regular troops in Croatia with bands of *comitadjis* similar to those that 'pacified' Macedonia. At best this policy can lead only to a Pyrrhic victory because the Croats are unanimously opposed to the present Serbian domination and there are too many of them to be permanently crushed by force. There is danger that civil war may break out, thus forcing intervention and possibly foreign war.

WHILE Japanese liberals, whose policies no longer enjoy official or public support, inform the outer world that Japanese intervention in Manchuria and Shanghai was directed solely against Chinese bandits, responsible spokesmen in Tokyo are giving their own people a very different version of their policies. Gyokujo Hanzawa, editor of the *Diplomatic Review*, a semiofficial monthly that circulates among the upper classes, has openly announced that the United States is Japan's real opponent:—

> The balking of American ambitions in the Far East and the freeing of China from the aggression of other Occidental nations formed the reasons for the drastic action that Japan took in Manchuria and Shanghai.

Mr. Hanzawa believes that the real issue is racial and that the West must get out of Asia:—

> Whom did Japan fight so heroically at Geneva? It was not China; it was world influence attempting to take advantage of the internal dissensions in China to establish sway over Asia. When Japan sent troops to Shanghai and destroyed Chapei and wrecked the Woosung forts, she did not do this because she hated China, but in order to serve notice on the West to quit meddling with Asia.

But America is the chief foe:—

> Formerly, for very good reasons, our diplomacy was based on the conciliation of Europe and America. That day, however, is gone. Japan is now confident of her

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ability to stand up alone and we have now returned to the principle of 'Asia first.' Japan's diplomacy is now definitely based on the principle of 'Hands off in Asia,' and she is even prepared to go to the extent of severing relations with the United States, if this is necessary to maintain this principle.

NO MORE AUTHORITATIVE interpretation of the Lytton Report on Japan's occupation of Manchuria exists than that provided by Lord Lytton himself in the columns of the London *Spectator*. The following paragraph sums up his point of view:—

> What is at stake is not whether China or Japan is to control the future destinies of Manchuria, but whether the principle of collective responsibility for the maintenance of peace and justice between nations is to be preserved or sacrificed. Those who insist that the realities of the situation must be borne in mind should remember this. The naval and military strength of Japan, the relative weakness of China, the presence of Japanese troops in Manchuria, the existence of Manchukuo, the chaotic condition of China at the present stage of her political evolution, the importance to Japan of her Chinese markets, the damaging effects of the Chinese boycott on Japanese trade—all these are realities of the situation, and the Commission did not ignore any of them. But there is another reality that equally cannot be ignored—namely, the existence of the League of Nations, the terms of the Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty of Washington. Those who claim to be realists are apt to make an abstraction of the post-war world. To bear in mind the mutual obligations that states have contracted with each other, and to insist upon respect for the peace machinery that has been established at such colossal sacrifice is not unpractical idealism but the starkest realism.

When the Japanese Foreign Minister told the Lytton Commission that Manchuria was Japan's life line, for which she had sacrificed two hundred thousand men, he was informed that the League of Nations was the life line of modern civilization and the result of the sacrifice of millions of lives during the Great War. Lord Lytton is not unhopeful that with time and patience the League will accomplish the greatest task it has ever undertaken and settle the Manchurian question for good and all.

But Japan's domestic difficulties may yet spare the League the embarrassment of having to interfere in Manchuria. The decline of the yen to less than half its par value has made the payment of interest charges on foreign loans increasingly difficult and distress among the peasants has created a powerful agrarian movement to boycott the cities. Farmers are being urged not to buy city goods and to avoid visiting cities while city dwellers are being urged to return to the already overpopulated countryside. Petty shopkeepers are being ruined by big department stores and wage earners have had their purchasing power reduced because the depreciated yen buys less every day and wages do not rise proportionately.

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Howard Scott, director of Technocracy, makes his first signed statement of the aims and methods of an American research organization that has attracted international attention. It is preceded by a brief descriptive note and editorial from the *New English Weekly*.

TOWARD Technocracy

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

INTRODUCTION

THREE years ago the Wall Street crash marked the beginning of the most profound and extensive depression in modern history. Since that time, THE LIVING AGE has recorded the spread of the crisis to every country; it has presented many interpretations of what was happening; it has emphasized the repercussions of American affairs on the affairs of Europe, and vice versa. It has shown how other countries have grappled with difficulties that we have later had to face ourselves, and every issue has contained an entire department of foreign comment on American institutions and policies. Not only did THE LIVING AGE call attention to the grave condition of Germany months before the announcement of the Hoover Moratorium; it also uncovered disturbing reports about America that were wholly at variance with the views expressed by the nation's leaders—reports that subsequently turned out to be only too accurate.

The nature of our material and the nature of the period through which this country has been passing conspired to make our editorial policy singularly effective. International relationships have never been so manifold as they were in 1929, and an international collapse therefore affected every country at almost every vital spot. Because the United States was the only great power that had been innocent of contact with the outer

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world prior to 1914, the depression has possessed a higher educational value for us than for any other land. And to-day, with more unemployed over here than there are on the whole continent of Europe, with national income down fifty per cent, we are finally discovering that no other nation has suffered so great a decline. Clearly the situation calls for analysis in terms of the same scientific technique that has created the society in which we live.

That THE LIVING AGE should be the first periodical in the United States to present such an analysis in authentic form is strictly in line with our recent record. Once again the foreign press has helped to throw new light on a matter of supreme importance to the United States. Here is the way it happened. Last August several New York newspapers and the Associated Press carried dispatches about the activities of Technocracy, a group of engineers, scientists, technologists, physicists, and biochemists established in 1920 and including among its founders Charles P. Steinmetz, Thorstein Veblen, Bassett Jones, and Howard Scott, engineer and technician for the Muscle Shoals project. For the past dozen years, under the direction of Mr. Scott, this organization has been compiling an 'Energy Survey of North America' which traces the history of three thousand American commodities, showing the relationship between production and man hours. Technocracy's work is still in progress, but several conclusions have already been reached, as revolutionary in the field of sociology as the Copernican theory was in the field of astronomy. Technocracy estimates that so many technical improvements have been made since 1929 that a return to the level of production reached in that year would give jobs to only 55 per cent of the men who have been thrown out of work since. Technocracy shows that the accumulation of debt is gradually strangling all industrial activity. It declares that a country in which 90 per cent of the inhabitants depend for their livelihood on the continued functioning of machines must abandon the 'price system' of payment in terms of commodities and adopt instead a system of payment in energy certificates. As scientists, however, the members of Technocracy simply report the facts and draw certain necessary conclusions. But they insist that we must get rid of our old ideas of value and grasp their new idea of energy as the measure of human labor and human wealth.

Naturally their findings attracted wide attention, one of the most intelligent comments having appeared in the *New English Weekly*, edited by A. R. Orage, former editor of the *New Age*. This comment gave a clear interpretation of some of the aims of Technocracy, but it was necessarily incomplete and attempted to apply the idea to England. Having seen the comment, Mr. Scott not only pointed out two minor slips, but he took advantage of our offer of the columns of THE LIVING AGE to make his first signed statement of the fundamentals of Technocracy. It is a statement that should be read and reread as carefully as it was written and it calls for some explanation, not only on its own account, but also as a LIVING AGE feature. We have therefore tried to make clear, first, that the development of the world crisis as traced in THE LIVING AGE leads us inevitably to con-

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sider our own machine civilization. Here we find the origin of nearly all the problems that vex us as a nation and that concern the whole civilized world. In the second place, we have endeavored to provide a background for Mr. Scott's own statement by preceding it with the editorial from the *New English Weekly* which gave him his original impulse to define Technocracy's aims and methods. [THE EDITOR.]

ENGLAND AND TECHNOCRACY

By A LONDON EDITOR

From the *New English Weekly*, London Economic Nationalist Weekly

THE *Week-end Review*, with a fatuousness not usual to it, remarks that the increase in the figures of unemployment (a quarter of a million have been added since January) can be read as a signal of a danger which, if unchecked, might eventually 'bring down the Government.' The fact, of course, is that the increase, not if unchecked, but if resisted, might eventually, and, indeed, will eventually, bring down civilization. It is true that unemployment can be checked, it can indeed be totally abolished, by the simple expedient of 'lending' increasingly large purchasing credits abroad and never asking for any return upon them save upon paper. We understand that this, in fact, is the prescription against unemployment now in favor at the Bank of England, and therefore the Treasury. But sooner rather than later the idiocy of making trade by presenting your goods gratis will become clear even to the semi-imbeciles now in control of the 'City'; and on the instant that the policy of enabling every country but our own to buy our products ceases unemployment will again set in.

Apart from this policy, however, there is literally nothing within the armory of the 'City,' as at present brained, to 'check' unemployment or, of course, even to begin to abolish it. Assuming nothing catastrophic to occur and no South Sea Bubble of foreign investment to be blown, the curve of unemployment will continue steadily to rise, and from the three million now officially registered the number by next summer will have risen another half a million. The question, it will be seen, is not the fate of a government which, in any case, is only a collection of corks on the rapids; it is the fate of modern civilization. And it will need a stupendous effort to avoid catastrophe.

We are not speaking without our book, the latest volume of which contains the report of a group of American engineers under the leadership of Mr. Howard Scott on the 'energy production'—including the energy of the human machine—now available in the United States. Of the 3,000 major industrial products of the country, the status of 150 has now been completely examined by 'Technocracy'—the name adopted by the group referred to; and the expert findings of this highly competent body of investigators fully bears out our own conclusions.

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They remark, to begin with, that for a period of 7,000 years mankind, as far as we have any record, had to depend for its production exclusively upon the energy of the very inadequate machine of the human body—a matter of one-tenth horse-power unit per eight-hour working day. The maximum output possible in these circumstances was obviously a multiple of the working population; and, in fact, the ancient great empires of Assyria, Egypt, and Greece had a productivity measurable in terms of energy units of no more than about 150,000 horse power per five million population, which allowed, as a maximum, a distribution of only about 2,000 calories per head per annum. Thanks to the revolution initiated by James Watt, however, the energy available for production began about a hundred years ago to be prodigiously increased; and Technocracy now estimates that the energy resources, not simply potential in the future but available within actually existing plant, are at present nine million times as great as mankind could command during the previous 7,000 years of its history.

They report, furthermore, that it is simply not true that 'employment'—that is to say, the demand or use for the human machine—increases with the increase of the use of machinery proper. In the first place, it would be a ridiculous frustration of the design of machinery proper if labor-saving devices continued to demand a proportionate increase in human labor; and, in the second place, it is a matter of simple observation and statistics that 'the displacement of men by machines is proceeding so rapidly that even the creation of new industries (motors, radio, for instance) cannot check the steady decline.' The relation, indeed, between the use of the two forms of energy can be expressed almost in terms of a mathematical law, namely, that 'human employment tends to become an inverse function of the rate of total output.'

It might be supposed that at least during periods of depression, resulting from deflation, the growth of the world's productive plant would slow down. Extraordinarily enough, mechanical development seems to thrive equally well on deflation and inflation. When times are 'prosperous,' it is intelligible that new plant of all kinds should be laid down in abundance; but equally, it seems, when times are 'depressed,' new plant is, if not laid down in such abundance, intensified by inventive economy in terms of productivity. Such, for instance, has been the development of the plant of the United States, even within the last three years of 'depression,' that our authors reckon that a good half of the existing unemployed of America (now numbering 11 millions) 'could not possibly be reemployed, even if the prosperity of 1929 were to return.' New machines, installed in the brief interval, have literally taken over their jobs.

Of the many examples offered, we shall quote merely a few. Within the last three years, an electric-lamp machine has been constructed that is capable of turning out half a million lamps per day,—9,000 times as many as were possible per day in 1929. Cigarettes, formerly produced at the rate of five or six hundred per hour per man, can now be produced at the rate of two or three thousand. In New Jersey a rayon-yarn plant is

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being erected that requires no human labor whatever and can run for twenty-four hours a day. One hundred men in five plants can now manufacture all the bricks turned out by 2,370 brick plants run at capacity during the building boom of 1929. Finally, the employment in the iron and steel industry of America was the same in 1929 as in 1887, but the output of 1929 was 9.3 times the output of the former year.

II

But against 7,000 years what is the period of 100 years in its effect upon human psychology? It is true that the human mind is supposed to be adaptative to circumstances; and the intelligentzia loudly claim to be 'modern' in outlook; but, in view of the demonstrated and demonstrable facts just recorded,—mere samples of 3,000 similar instances,—what is the value of their claim? We cited the cases last week of Sir Alfred Ewing and Professor Lionel Robbins, the one an engineer and the other a professional economist. Sir Alfred Ewing maintains that mankind is not 'ethical' enough to make a proper use of its potential abundance; and Professor Robbins maintains that already we are living beyond our means and must contract our consumption.

The defect in both cases is the same, though it leads to different conclusions. Sir Alfred Ewing, being an engineer, cannot deny the reality of the abundance, but shivers with terror at the thought of distributing it. His 'ethical' objection is a mere sublimation of his fear. Professor Robbins, on the other hand, having probably never seen a factory in his life, and thinking in terms of money only, naturally cannot believe the report that, in fact, no possible rate of consumption can even begin to catch up to the actual rate of the development of the means of production. In terms of calories—if they mean anything to a professional economist—the potential production of the United States to-day is 150,000 per head per annum against, as we have seen, the beggarly 2,000 of the ancient empires.

But will these facts, facts, facts outweigh the accumulated traditions of 7,000 years of suffering under the curse laid upon Adam? Can the children of the yoke accept the gospel of man's redemption as promulgated through Watts' teakettle? On the other hand, it is too flattering to pretend that a simple inability to grasp the significance of the new energy dispensation is an ethical attitude, or that the theory that we are squandering our resources is 'novel' and interesting. It is downright stupid; and the 'bright intelligentzia' of to-day who fail to grasp the fact will figure in history as the Philistines of all time.

Fortunately or unfortunately, however, it is not a question to be decided by professorial debates. Events themselves are in the saddle. The obvious conclusion to draw, even from such findings as we have already cited, is that never again, and with less and less likelihood as the harnessing of natural energy to production increases, will the existing unemployed be reabsorbed into profit-making industry. If, as we have seen, their places are even now being filled almost as fast as they are being made, there is plainly no possible hope of their ultimate reinstatement; and the inevitable and increasingly urgent question to ask is,

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therefore, 'What is to be done about it?'

We are plausibly informed that the view of the Bank of England and the Treasury is that the hope for the gradual and ultimate reabsorption of the unemployed into profitable industry lies in the conquest and development of new foreign markets. And for the 'City,' no doubt, concerned only with money, this is a natural enough point of view. But the mechanical development of productive resources, which has already reached such a height in America, is obviously not confined to that country, and with the inevitable spread of the same resources everywhere else it is absolutely certain that every nation will tend to become more and more 'self-sufficient' and less and less obliged or disposed to provide a market for serious foreign investment. The problem of unemployment must, therefore, appear to be hopelessly insoluble in any of the old terms; and, what is more, any attempt to apply prehistoric treatment to it is bound to involve us in even worse evils than the unemployment itself.

England is quite plainly not the only manufacturing nation in the world feverishly looking for foreign markets under the pressure of unemployment. There are others and greater. If therefore in face of an inevitably declining total world demand, England, under the direction of the 'City,' persists in attempting to maintain, or recapture, the lion's share of it, not all the good will in the world will prevent a clash between ourselves and our equally desperate competitors. It is high time, in fact, that the nation, through Parliament, should demand that the Bank of England and the Treasury put their cards on the table and tell us not only what they are playing for but upon what they count to win. To make even the show of a case for what is declared to be their present policy they must produce some evidence that unemployment is not an inevitably progressive feature of modern society, and that foreign trade has not gone forever.

TECHNOCRACY SPEAKS

By HOWARD SCOTT

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THE very favorable editorial comment on Technocracy presented by Mr. Orage in a recent issue of the *New English Weekly* has prompted the editor of THE LIVING AGE to request a statement from Technocracy itself. I should like first to make two corrections in matters of fact. First, the per capita consumption of energy should be respectively 2,000 and 150,000 kilogramme calories *per day*, not per annum as Mr. Orage stated. Secondly, the cigarette production is given as at the rate 'of five or six hundred per hour per man,' instead of per minute per man.

The following communication is less a reply to Mr. Orage's comments than a statement of the aims and methods of the research body known as Technocracy. Such a statement would seem appropriate after the very consider-

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able publicity given to the specific findings of Technocracy in connection with its Energy Survey of North America.

I

Technocracy is a research organization, founded in 1920, composed of scientists, technologists, physicists, and biochemists. It was organized to collect and collate data on the physical functioning of the social mechanism on the North American continent, and to portray the relationship of this continent and the magnitude of its operations in quantitative comparison with other continental areas of the world. Its methods are the result of a synthetic integration of the physical sciences that pertain to the determination of all functional sequences of social phenomena.

Technocracy makes one basic postulate: that the phenomena involved in the functional operation of a social mechanism are metrical. It defines science as 'the methodology of the determination of the most probable.' Technocracy therefore assumes from its postulate that there already exist fundamental and arbitrary units which, in conjunction with derived units, can be extended to form a new and basic method for the quantitative analysis and determination of the next most probable state of any social mechanism. Technocracy further states that, as all organic and inorganic mechanisms involved in the operation of the social macrocosm are energy-consuming devices, therefore the basic metrical relationships are: the factor of energy conversion, or efficiency; and the rate of conversion of available energy of the mechanism as a functional whole in a given area per time unit. Technocracy accordingly establishes a new technique of social mensuration, that is to say, a process for determining the rates of growth of all energy-consuming devices within the limits of the next most probable energy state.

The Energy Survey of North America now being conducted by Technocracy in association with the Industrial Engineering Department of Columbia University and the Architects' Emergency Committee has found that employment of this method has not only yielded new data but has endowed already existing data with a new significance. As the above method is one of measurement, it follows axiomatically that all processes of evaluation are excluded. Value has no metrical equivalent.

Value is defined by the economists as the measure of the force of desire. It has its physical manifestation in any one commodity unit by which all other commodities or services are evaluated. Any society using a commodity method of valuation shall herein be said to be employing a price system. A 'social steady state' is a social mechanism whose per-capita rate of energy conversion is not changing appreciably with time. Social change, on the other hand, may be defined as the change in the per-capita rate of energy conversion, or the change from one order of magnitude to another in the social conversion of the available energy. All social history prior to the last century and a half, viewed technologically, may therefore be described as the record of a steady state. Only within the last hundred and fifty years has there been introduced a technique that has specifically caused social change.

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Technology, as the executor of physical science, is the instrument for effecting social change.

During the 200,000 years prior to 1800 the biological progression of man, in his struggle for subsistence on this earth, had advanced so far that the total world population in that year reached the approximate number of 850,000,000. During the subsequent 132 years world population has attained such heights that it now exceeds a total of 1,800,000,000; in other words, the population increase in the last 132 years has been greater than it was in the previous 200,000. Most of this increase in the human species has been made possible by the social introduction of technological procedures, that is, change in the means whereby we live as brought about solely by the introduction of technology.

II

A century ago these United States had a population of approximately 12,000,000, whereas to-day our census figures give a total of over 122,000,000 —a tenfold increase in the century. One hundred years ago in these United States we consumed less than 75 trillion British thermal units of extraneous energy per annum, whereas in 1929 we consumed approximately 27,000 trillion British thermal units—an increase of 353 fold in the century. Our energy consumption now exceeds 150,000 kilogramme calories per capita per day; whereas in the year 1800 our consumption of extraneous energy was probably not less than 1600 or more than 2000 kilogramme calories per capita per day.

The United States of our forefathers, with 12,000,000 inhabitants, performed its necessary work in almost entire dependence upon the human engine, which, as its chief means of energy conversion, was aided and abetted only by domestic animals and a few water wheels. The United States to-day has over one billion installed horse power. In 1929, these engines of energy conversion, though operated only to partial capacity, nevertheless had an output that represented approximately 50 per cent of the total work of the world. When one realizes that the technologist has succeeded to such an extent that he is to-day capable of building and operating engines of energy conversion that have nine million times the output capacity of the average single human being working an eight-hour day, one begins to understand the significance of this acceleration, beginning with man as the chief engine of energy conversion and culminating with these huge extensions of his original one-tenth of a horse power. Then add the fact that of this 9,000,000 fold acceleration 8,766,000 has occurred since the year 1900.

Stated in another way, if the total one billion installed horse power of the United States were operated to full capacity, its output would be equivalent to the human labor of over five times the present total world population.

Physical science has outdistanced present social institutions to such an extent that man, for the first time in history, finds himself occupying a position in which a complete utilization of his knowledge would assure the arrival of certainty in a continental social mechanism. Man, in his age-long struggle for leisure and the elimination of toil, is now at last confronted not

Charles H. Edge Pres of N.Y. Stock Exchange suggests the taxation of the machine instead of ~~lowering~~ abolishing of the price system

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only by the possibility but by the probability of this arrival. Such a new era in human life is technologically dependent only upon an extension of the physical sciences and the equipment at hand.

But the pathway to that new era is blockaded with all the riffraff of social institutions carried over from yesterday's seven thousand static years. The law of the next arrival is depicted by the Gaussian curve of probability, or the next most probable energy state.

III

America faces the threshold of the new era with the greatest total debt load ever carried by any social mechanism, a debt of over $218,000,000,000 against her physical equipment and its operation. With the number of unemployed greater than the total population of a century ago; with one of the most providential geologic set-ups of any continental area; still possessing more energy and mineral resources than any like area on the world's surface; having more than one billion installed horse power of prime movers wherewith to degrade available energy into use-forms; possessing a personnel of over 300,000 technically trained men in many varied engineering fields and more than 4,000,000 men partially trained and functionally capable of operating the greatest array of productive equipment ever at the disposal of man—with all this, we have, nevertheless, failed to profit from technological advances, and accordingly find ourselves, for the first time in history, with an economy of plenty existing in the midst of a hodge-podge of debt and unemployment.

America can expect no help in the solution of this problem from any current social theory. What has the world to offer toward such a solution? Europe discovered America in 1492. To-day America is further away from Europe than she was when Columbus sailed. The America of to-morrow will necessitate a rediscovery by Europe. European culture and traditions have nothing of worth-while importance to offer America in this twilight period preceding the dawn of a new era. No European importations of social or political theory can have the slightest value in solving the operational problems facing America to-day. Arising out of areas that lack adequate physical equipment and trained personnel, areas in which only a low percentage of the population is disciplined in engineering thought processes, European socio-political philosophies and theories are the natural outgrowth of a more classified division and orientation of the entrepreneur sectionalism of the price system. No theory of social action or governance now existing or proposed in Europe would in any way be endemic to that unique set-up of geologic conformation, technique, equipment, and personnel peculiar to North America.

Russia, of whose population 92 per cent were tillers of the soil under the *ancien régime* and which had meagre technical facilities and more musicians than technologists, found itself in the position of being compelled to inaugurate an industrial era under a communistic price system of production. Soviet Russia was forced to call upon the outside world for technical assistance in order to perpetrate reproductions of factories already obsolescent from an obsolescent price system. Russia, in its Parthian retreat

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from capitalism, has scored but a Pyrrhic victory. It mistook the name tag of one phase of the price system for that system's entirety; it abandoned the tag, but retained the essential mechanics.

To approach social phenomena by substituting Hegelian for Aristotelian dialectics may be an interesting intellectual pastime, but it has no functional importance: it is but one more recrudescence of the philosophic futility implicit in European tradition.

IV

The England of the Black Prince, with its population of 5,000,000, its wealth of oak timber, its hearty people drinking deeply of ale (made not from hops but from barley malt), its original resources of copper, lead, tin, iron ore, and coal—this England developed under the price system of production. Inevitably, like the prodigal son, England went forth into the world and squandered its inheritance among the harpies of world trade and debt creation.

The United Kingdom, with an area of 94,000 square miles and a population of 46,000,000,—or a density of 490 inhabitants per square mile,—with arable land amounting to only 23 per cent of the total national area, finds itself in the physical position of possessing only a single energy resource, and that a declining one. Its tin gone, as well as its copper and lead, its iron requiring 56 per cent foreign benefication in order to produce steel, its coal becoming more and more difficult to mine, the United Kingdom is fast retrogressing from its position as the possessor of easily available energy to its next most probable energy state as two islands off the coast of the European continent. A valiant race, fighting a losing battle, is displaying an admirable fortitude in the crisis that is resulting from excess population, declining resources, and obsolescent equipment operated by the antiquated methods of a price system.

The United Kingdom will be forced by internal pressure to adopt measures even more extreme than the flight from the gold pound. It may be compelled by the growing disparity between its own industrial operation and the world trade balance to such extremities as abandonment of monetary currency and the accompanying credit structure. In that event, a British currency of pure fiat power might be attempted as a last desperate resort. The present deflationary programme may be reversed in the near future to one of inflation, a last straw grasped at in England's struggle for the export markets of the world. Sooner or later, in spite of British imperialism, the United Kingdom, under a price system, will be forced to meet a situation that will be increasingly grave in its internal operation. There remains only the colonizing soporific of bestowing a surplus population of 35,000,000 on the oversea Dominions.

Fascism, that strange but natural partnership of the Italian political state and vested interests, is a process of consolidating all the minor rackets into one major monopoly. Such a condition brought with it the sequelæ of discipline and sanitation that necessarily accompany complete trustification. Italy, which is insufficiently supplied with energy and mineral resources, which possesses only a limited amount of water power and volcanic heat, which has some mercury and

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sulphur but no coal, oil, or gas, no iron ore, copper, tin, lead, or zinc, and which lacks a high enough percentage of arable land to grow sufficient foodstuffs for its own needs—Italy belongs to the geologic order of areas that can not create and operate an industrial energy civilization. Fascist Italy is rapidly increasing its dangerous overload of population by granting national bonuses to large families in furtherance of its *mare nostrum* policy. Fascism is an attempt at a last-ditch defense of a price system, an effort to maintain an unbroken front against oncoming social change, but this unbroken front is spurious in that it is being temporarily maintained by foreign importation of energy-resource materials, supplemented by the manna of the Lord.

Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, and, in the Victorian age, Imperial Britain have all led the world in their day; each in turn has been the vanguard of civilization. The past is strewn with ruins of empire. Now there is but one continental area that from the standpoint of its geologic set-up, equipment, personnel, and the state of its technology is competent and ready to inaugurate a new era in the life of man.

V

America stands on the threshold of that new era, but she will have to leave behind all the wish-fulfilling thought and romantic concepts of value that are the concomitants of a price system. So, too, all philosophic approaches to social phenomena, from Plato to—and including—Marx, must functionally be avoided as intellectual expressions of dementia præcox. Economics, that pathology of debt, not containing within itself any modulus or calculus of design or operation, must likewise be discarded with the other historical antiquities. No political method of arriving at social decisions is adequate in continental areas under technological control, for the scientific technique of decision arrivation has no political antecedents.

Under a price system wealth arises solely through the creation of debt. In other words, price-system wealth consists of debt claims against the operation of the physical equipment and its resultants. Physical wealth, on the other hand, is produced by converting available energy into use-forms and services. The process of being wealthy is the degradation of the resultants of the above conversions into complete uselessness—in other words, total consumption. To be physically wealthy is not to own a car but to wear it out. Technology has introduced a new methodology in the creation of physical wealth. It is now able to substitute energy for man hours on the parity basis that 1,500,000 foot pounds equals one man's time for eight hours. National income under the price system consists of the debt claims accruing annually from the certificates of debt already extant. Physical income within a continental area under technological control would be the net available energy in ergs, converted into use-forms and services over and above the operation and maintenance of physical equipment and structures of the area.

Individual income under a price system consists of units that are not commensurate with the quanta by which the rate of flow of the physical equipment is measured and upon which the social mechanism depends

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for its continuance. Individualism is therefore favored under a price system, since individualism can obtain a monetary equivalent proportional to the individual's ability to create debt. Individual income under such a system therefore depends on the extent to which advantage is exercised by means of the interference-control that is dominant throughout the whole system of debt creation.

Individual income under technological control would consist of units commensurate with the quanta by which the rate of flow of the physical equipment is measured throughout the entire continental area. The unit income of the individual would be determined by the period necessary in that area to maintain a thermodynamically balanced load, that is to say, the time it takes for a complete cycle of the operating and production procedures to be completed.

Any unit of *value* under a price system is a certification of debt. Any unit of *measurement* under technological control would be a certification of available energy converted. Such units of certification would have validity only during the balanced load period for which they were issued. This method of producing physical wealth and measuring its operation precludes the possibility of creating any kind of debt. It also eliminates the entire domain of philanthropy. Furthermore, all bonds, financial debentures, and other instrumentalities of debt would cease to exist, since they do not have one iota of usefulness in the physical operation of such an area under technological control.

Technocracy proposes no solution, it merely poses the problem raised by the technological introduction of energy factors in a modern industrial social mechanism. Continental America possesses all the essential qualifications for such a mechanism—sufficient energy and mineral resources, adequate water precipitation, more than enough arable land of proper chemical stability, highly developed technological facilities backed by a trained personnel, powerful research organizations. All these things are entirely sufficient to assure the continuance of a high energy standard of livelihood for at least a thousand years, if they are operated on a non-price basis with the technological means known at present.

America stands now at the crossroads, confronting the dilemma of alternatives. The progression of a modern industrial social mechanism is unidirectional and irreversible. Physically this continental area has no choice but to proceed with the further elimination of toil through the substitution of energy for man hours. There can be no question of returning to premachine or pretechnological ways of life; a progression once started must continue. Retrogressive evolution does not exist.

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Hilaire Belloc accuses the British of backing German designs against Poland. Then a German correspondent in Bucharest shows how Tardieu is blocking a Russo-Rumanian agreement.

Two Danger Spots of WAR

TWO TIMELY WARNINGS

I. BRITAIN'S SECRET POLICY

By HILAIRE BELLOC

From *G. K.'s Weekly*, London Roman Catholic Weekly

WE HAVE insisted in these columns (and shall continue to insist) on the fatuity of our official press in the matter of the coming peril of war in Europe. The essentials of the crisis are never mentioned, mainly through ignorance but largely through hypocrisy. To this ignorance and this hypocrisy there will succeed inevitably a sudden panic—probably when it is too late. The theme is a well worn one by this time for our readers, but we must not allow the tedium of repetition to dull the sense of its importance.

Let us this week turn to something that is even more dangerous than hypocrisy and ignorance where international affairs are concerned—and that is erroneous policy. While the newspaper millionaires are merely ignorant vulgarians and while the professional politicians are no more than bewildered puppets, there is behind the whole movement that is egging on the Prussian general staff to challenge the peace of Europe a very definite and well-thought-out piece of national policy. There are, as we have said before in this place, a certain number of very intelligent men, men occupying permanent official positions and exercising initiative in foreign policy, who are the real authors of that policy, who have a clear idea of what they are doing, and who are ready to support it privately by argument.

If they could be compelled to write

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down what is passing in their minds, it would read somewhat as follows:—

'We are well aware that the Prussian general staff are still in active existence. We are well aware that they have made all their plans for the coming war, if to war they are compelled to have recourse. They do not desire war for its own sake, of course, and if they can get what they want without war and merely by the threat of war, they will be quite content.

'We are well aware that their first object is the partition of Poland, that policy upon which the foundation of their greatness was based a century and a half ago and which has been maintained by them regularly ever since. We know well enough that the initial step in this partition would be the cutting off of the Poles from the sea by annexing the Polish population that separates the mass of Prussia from the isolated colony of Germans in Danzig and to the east thereof. We see clearly that the next step will be a demand for a further partition of Poland to the south and the annexation of the Polish land and people in Silesia.

'We are further aware that when that has been accomplished the Prussian general staff intend to challenge the Slav governments ruling over German minorities in Bohemia. They also intend to occupy with military force the neutralized belt of the Rhine, and probably, as a later development, to demand further "revision" of their French frontiers by annexations corresponding to what they shall have effected upon their Polish frontiers.

'All the first part of this programme can, we believe, be effected without war. We have but to back up the Prussian general staff against Poland, to egg it on to a partition of Poland under the cloak of "equality" or "disarmament," and the Poles will have to give way because they will be abandoned by the French. They would not be abandoned by the French if the crisis were rushed and French public opinion put on its guard; but we propose to play the French as one plays a fish, advancing and withdrawing our support alternately until we have tired them out. We may trust the professional politicians in France, corrupt and inept as in all parliamentary countries, to do the rest.

'But supposing war were to break out after all? The Prussian general staff, like most careful organizers of detail, are very stupid and capable of going faster than we should like. Let us suppose they rush the affair and that there is fighting in Eastern Europe. We can trust the army of the Reich, highly mechanized, of long service, costing enormously more per head than any other army in Europe, to occupy Polish territory and to stay there. In the presence of that act the French will protest and do nothing more.

'Suppose the worst and suppose the aggression of Prussia against Poland leads to a general war—it will still be to our advantage. Great Britain will manufacture for the belligerents, she will remain neutral and then will come in before the end and hold the balance and dominate the settlement. No one will attack this country when it refuses to be drawn in, because we shall have the powerful protection of the United States, to whom we have now consented to pay our tribute and with whom our stock continues to rise.

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'Supposing a Prussian victory, the Reich will demand colonies. In the matter of colonies there is always the Congo. We offered it to the Reich at the expense of Belgium before the War and got up the "Congo reform agitation" with that object. Berlin was so foolish as to refuse our offer, which was made as a counterpart to their consenting to reduce their naval power. But we can always make it again, and we propose to despoil Belgium for the advantage of the Germans. If necessary we could also support the German acquisition of Portuguese colonies by force.

'Lastly comes the German demand for a fleet. That can always be met by our working in alliance with America. The two of us could veto the growth of any new Prussian naval power.'

Such is, in outline, the policy that recommends itself to the few men who, by position and instruction, count in the direction of our foreign policy. Such is their view of the probable future and of the way in which its contingencies can be turned to the advantage of this country. Such are the general lines along which English foreign policy will proceed—*until it is too late.*

The plan is disastrously wrong. It is like so much expert work, desperately shortsighted, ignoring the largest and most active factors precisely because it knows so much about immediate lesser things.

If this tragic misjudgment applied to the other side of the world we might treat it academically. Unfortunately its effects will apply to each of us individually. If in pursuit of this policy, already so far advanced, Europe is pushed over the edge into war, we—here in England—shall suffer in a fashion that no one yet dreams of.

II. How France Rules Rumania

By Rudolf Herrnstadt

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE lord of Bucharest is Gabriel Puaux, ambassador of the French Republic, who lives in the Strada Lascar Catargiu. At his side stands M. Auboin, the comptroller of Rumanian finance, sent from Paris. Auboin watches over the capital that France has invested in Rumania, which consists chiefly of the stabilization loan of 1929 and the development loan of 1930. Puaux makes Rumania's financial dependence serve the political advantage of France.

The more Rumania depends financially on France the larger Puaux and Auboin loom in Bucharest. Rumania's financial dependence increases when its borrowed capital increases, but it also increases when the country's poor financial condition threatens the safety and punctual amortization of the capital that has already been invested. Rumania's finances are ruined. This means, on the one hand, that Rumania is hungry for new French capital, and, on the other, that Auboin is concerned over the fate of the capital that has already been invested. Both these considerations strengthen the power of Puaux, which

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may now be said to have reached its zenith.

This has happened just at the right time for the Quai d'Orsay, for, though the great diplomatic offensive that it is pushing against Germany did not originate in Bucharest, it nevertheless depends on Bucharest. Puaux's job is to advance that offensive as rapidly as possible. This is no easy task, as is indicated by the many setbacks that have occurred since it began.

The aim of the French offensive is to isolate Germany before she has strengthened herself in a military way. Since Germany has no acknowledged ally in Europe and is ringed around by members of the French system of alliances, the new French plan went into operation under favorable auspices. But it encountered one serious obstacle—Russia.

The supreme aim of present French policy is to pry Russia loose from Germany. It is not trying to bring Russia into the French system of alliances, but to isolate the Soviet Union as well as Germany. To attain this end, the Quai d'Orsay has adopted a method that Russia itself put into French hands, though for different reasons—the nonaggression pact. When Russia introduced this term to the language of diplomacy in 1926, it aimed to protect itself against the war of intervention that it feared by concluding a series of nonaggression pacts. This is still its aim to-day. The only trouble is that France has taken this weapon out of Russia's hands and turned it against a third party. The new scheme has not yet been put into effect but it is being prepared with all possible speed, although only six weeks ago the French were in no hurry to have the Polish-Russian nonaggression treaty signed. Anyone with eyes in his head can read the marginal notations that the Quai d'Orsay has added to the series of pacts with Russia and to the latest German statements on the disarmament question.

II

The decision of France to cause treaties to be concluded with Russia at all costs has up to now failed because of Rumania. The other nations bordering on Russia concluded their negotiations long ago. Some of them have ratified their treaties, but others, including France, the mother of the idea, are waiting for Rumania.

In the light of the difficulties that Rumania has put in the way of concluding any treaty, and in the light of the determination with which the Quai d'Orsay has tried to coerce Rumania, the present motives of France may now be discerned more clearly in Bucharest, the scene of action, than anywhere else.

'German industries shall no longer profit from Russia, or at any rate they shall not be the only ones to profit. German policy shall no longer be able to depend on Russia, or at any rate the Germans shall not be the only people in league with Russia. The German general staff shall no longer be able to store weapons in Russia, or at any rate not with complete security.'

The man who spoke these words is a leading Rumanian statesman and he might have added, 'These are Puaux's arguments.' But he let the visitor draw this conclusion, without reluctance, for he and his fellow cabinet members dislike the pressure of France and their anger had just then come to a

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head. The Rumanian Government, impelled in one direction by France and in the other by the prospect of an impending election, could not decide whether to surrender Rumania's vital interests for the sake of France. The last night session had ended without a decision's being reached.

'Do you seriously believe that Germany has military supplies deposited in Russia?'

'What difference does it make,' replied the person who was questioned, 'whether I believe it or not? France and Poland believe it.' He then gave a long description of Rumania's fundamental foreign policy. Since France's demands are prejudicial to this policy, his description became an enumeration of the difficulties that France now faces in Rumania. And when the remarks of this statesman —whom no one can say is pro-German —are expanded into the points of a programme, they provide the following answer to the question, 'What is now blocking the French diplomatic offensive?'

III

First, the fact that Rumania and Russia have not resumed diplomatic relations since the end of the War. Greater Rumania, born of the War, appropriated Bessarabia during the Russian Revolution. It is a grain-growing province between the Pruth and the Dniester. It touches Poland on its northern boundaries and the Black Sea on the south. Russia has never recognized Rumania's claim to Bessarabia and Bessarabia is the very specific fact that has prevented Rumania and Russia from recognizing each other for twelve years. Rumania has never recognized Russia nor Russia, Rumania. Diplomatic relations are lacking. Anyone who tries to travel in Rumania with a Russian passport or who tries to travel in Russia with a Rumanian passport suffers bodily injury, to put it mildly. Since recognition is lacking all treaties are lacking. There is no such thing as a commercial treaty, a shipping treaty, or a treaty of emigration. But now, though no basic treaty exists, France is trying to persuade Rumania to enter into a nonaggression agreement and also to make a treaty about Bessarabia, which is a most active issue. If Rumania accedes to French demands, then the whole question of Russian-Rumanian relations arises, not to mention the original question of dispute.

This brings us to point number two, Bessarabia itself. For Rumania to give up Bessarabia would be to endanger the unity and defensive strength of the country. Consequently Bucharest explains briefly and with the aid of dubious historical arguments that the Bessarabian question is settled. If a nonaggression pact is to be concluded it must not mention Bessarabia as an object of dispute. But Russia replies that it will never sign a treaty renouncing its right to a province that was occupied by force. Of course Russia will renounce, in treaty form if necessary, the intention to reclaim Bessarabia by force, but the existence of the dispute must be recognized. For a year France and Poland, acting as intermediaries, have tried to find a formula for Bessarabia that would neither ignore it nor admit that it is an object of dispute. Such a formula is now being sought more intensively than ever, since the Quai d'Orsay has lost all patience and de-

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mands that the Rumanian Government at once sign the treaty with Russia. The Rumanian Government resists signing an unfavorable treaty, for that would give it the reputation of having sacrificed Rumania's vital interests to the strategic needs of France. The Government is all the more determined in its opposition to the French policy of isolating Germany because this policy harms Rumanian interests.

This brings us to point number three, which is that Rumania is afraid of its economic dependence on Germany. 'Our Polish ally,' continued the Rumanian minister, 'of course does not care about Franco-German harmony, but he could be paid to care. Our interests, on the other hand, lie with Paris politically and financially, but economically our interests are with Berlin. The more Germany and France get together the more uniform our interests become and the easier our foreign policy. But the more France and Germany differ, the more our interests conflict.' These words explain Rumania's fundamental dislike of French pressure. She regards it as harmful, unnecessary, and untimely.

IV

The task of Puaux is to combat this point of view. Holding his *revolver d'or* in his hand, he met with success at first. As an opening programmatic concession, the Rumanian Government opened direct negotiations with Russia on October 1, the first time this has happened since greater Rumania came into existence. The Rumanian ambassador to Warsaw, M. Cadere, was sent to Bialystok, where he boarded a train from Moscow with Litvinov on board and returned with him to the Polish capital. Within the next forty-eight hours, it was rumored in the official French and Rumanian press, a formula would be discovered and a treaty signed.

But within the next forty-eight hours negotiations were broken off from a quarter that neither the French, the Rumanian, nor the Russian Government had anticipated. M. Titulescu, Rumania's star diplomat, her ambassador to London and delegate to the League of Nations, handed in his resignation because he had not been told in time about the negotiations with Litvinov and because he firmly opposed the non-aggression pact. He gave the Reuter news bureau an interview in which he virtually accused his own Government of neglect of duty and treason to the fatherland. Under the pressure of this event the negotiations were broken off.

Immediately Bucharest and Paris tried to discover the men behind Titulescu. Of course Titulescu's pride may have been wounded, said the various governments concerned, but that alone did not explain his having taken so extraordinary a step. Did n't Titulescu see that his attack on the Rumanian Government was destroying the French plan? Was he coolly risking his own great influence in Paris? Should n't he at least have informed the Quai d'Orsay of his intentions in advance? Or, as a friend of the right-wing parties in France, had he purposely failed to inform the Quai d'Orsay because he was putting himself at the disposition of its political opponents?

The answer is that this would not be the first hand grenade that André

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Tardieu ever threw in his life. Tardieu, who hates the Herriot Government, also hates any connection between France and Russia.

Recent events have revealed this connection. Under quite different circumstances the Rumanian Prime Minister, Vaida, offered Titulescu the portfolio of foreign minister in the middle of September and in mid-October Titulescu bethought himself of this offer and accepted it. He then set out for Bucharest, to the horror of the Rumanian Government.

What had happened? Forty-eight hours before the Rumanian-Russian agreement was to be signed, Tardieu shifted the domestic struggle for political power in France to the Rumanian Government in Bucharest. Titulescu now incarnates his interests; Vaida incarnates Herriot's. Titulescu arrived by train in Bucharest on October 13 to wreck Herriot's policies. Thus Puaux, lord of Bucharest, has been temporarily tricked out of the fruits of his labor.

V

In regard to Rumania's orientation these three facts should be noted. First, Rumania is made up of three parts, the old country that existed before the War, Transylvania, and Bessarabia. Most of the inhabitants of the old country are Rumanians; Transylvania is inhabited by Rumanians, Hungarians, and Germans; and Bessarabia by Rumanians, Hungarians, Great Russians, Jews, Turks, and Bulgars.

Secondly, Rumania is rightly considered an agricultural country. Of course, it possesses great natural wealth in the form of oil, natural gas, and gold, but instead of having industries that are run by oil and gas its fields are covered with corn and wheat. Hence all political parties in Rumania try to win the support of the peasants.

Thirdly, the present ruling party in Rumania came into power in 1926. The Transylvanian Rumanians, in the form of the National Transylvanian Party, together with the left-wing of the old Peasant Party, constituted themselves as the National Peasant Party. The Peasant Party contributed the bulk of the small peasants. The Transylvanian Party contributed, in addition to townspeople and peasants, the glorious tradition of its fight for freedom against Hungary and its leader, Juliu Maniu. He possesses some importance as a former prime minister, more importance as the uncrowned king of Rumania, and most importance of all as the present prime minister, for Rumania is now on the edge of the abyss, whichever way she turns, and Maniu is in the same position.

He is a medium-sized man of fifty, with an almost slender figure, large, politely pleading eyes, an ear that is always cocked, and a mouth that is always shut. Whenever Maniu enters any public restaurant conversation stops at all the tables while he cautiously plods by, looking as if both feet were attached to the ground. He can be a good conversationalist when he chooses, especially with women, whose society, as a bachelor, he alternately seeks and avoids. He usually makes a disturbing listener, for his eyes follow the conversation without giving any indication of what he himself is finally going to say. In short, he is a consummate tactician who gets his best effects by reason of his bearing, who rules an

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entire, supple, Oriental nation with his own inscrutability. He is at once a rat-catcher and a priest.

His chief opponent is the King. Of course, they shake hands politely, but they have differed for years. Maniu thinks the King should leave politics to parliament, or, if he wants to participate, should confine himself to the kind of rôle that Edward VII played in England. The King refuses. He demands the rights guaranteed him in the Constitution. Since they do not get along together Maniu resigned two years ago and went to France. The King entrusted the formation of a national cabinet of concentration to his tutor, Iorga, and Maniu returned from France when Iorga's cabinet had proved its incompetence. Early this year, when the French financial adviser, Rist, knifed the Iorga cabinet for good and all, causing a new election and a triumph of the National Peasant Party, its leader, Maniu, refused to assume office. With a sovereign gesture, he delegated the formation of a cabinet to his party ally, Vaida, while he himself remained in the background. It seemed as if the strongest political power in Rumania would never again lift a finger in behalf of his country.

Vaida ruled for six months, and during his period of office the national crisis came to a head. People were asking what Maniu was up to, but he kept quiet. The state constitution began to weaken. The breath of anarchy was in the air. Maniu still kept silent. In September his silence had become insupportable. Nobody could tell what developments would make him speak. When these developments finally occurred, in October, they took a course that no one had anticipated.

The nonaggression pact with Russia was being debated and Prime Minister Vaida had promised the Quai d'Orsay that it would be signed. The Ambassador to London, Titulescu, aided by the French right-wing parties, caused negotiations to be broken off, and Vaida was faced with the alternative of resigning or disciplining his ambassador. He chose to resign, but his unhappy exit, like his unhappy lease of power, reflected on the prestige of his backer, Maniu.

VI

Meanwhile Titulescu's position was becoming increasingly precarious. Several things were possible. He might become prime minister, he might become foreign minister, he might go back to London, he might retire, or he might be attacked for breaking his oath of service as ambassador. The outcome was determined by Mihalache, a leader both of the National Peasant Party and of the radical peasants of old Rumania, who was thus at the same time a party comrade and an opponent of Maniu. He stretched out his hand to Titulescu and threatened to resign from the party if Titulescu was not put in charge of the country's foreign policy.

Mihalache's resignation would have split the National Peasant Party into the two groups from which it had been formed in 1926, and if the party, which was Maniu's one effective instrument, were to fall, he would be left without support. Maniu was therefore forced to come forward. When Mihalache joined forces with Titulescu he pushed Maniu out of the background. The King summoned Maniu, but nothing is known about

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what passed between them. The result, however, tells everything. Maniu accepted office. Either he or the King must have capitulated. Which one was it? The forces of the moment were working against Maniu, not against the King.

The continued existence of the National Peasant Party was paid for by having Titulescu as foreign minister and Mihalache as minister of the interior. The future of the party was what was at stake, not the nonaggression pact with Russia, as deluded foreigners believed. Now that the question has been settled, the struggle for power will continue. The new members of the Cabinet have agreed on a common point of view that they have announced as follows: 'The Government is willing to conclude a nonaggression treaty if it is at least as favorable to Rumania as the present Kellogg Pact.' This pious wish both Maniu and Titulescu could endorse.

Undoubtedly, Titulescu will use all his efforts to block a nonaggression pact. He will, of course, have to take account of the fact that his prestige has suffered severely in Rumania, and he will soon discover that his great pliability and skill in rhetoric provoke ironic amazement rather than respect. Above all, he will find in Maniu a premier who is as clever at listening as Titulescu is at talking.

And Maniu? Inscrutable to the last, he will submit to strong pressure with dignity at the eleventh hour.

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Direct experience with Montagu Norman forms the backbone of Viscount Snowden's review of a new book about the Governor of the Bank of England. Then come Mr. Norman's latest speech and a Laborite retort in lighter vein.

The REAL Montagu Norman

THREE INTERPRETATIONS

I. MR. MONTAGU NORMAN

By VISCOUNT SNOWDEN

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

PAUL EINZIG, the author of *Montagu Norman: a Study in Financial Salesmanship*, is unknown to me. He deals with a personality and with events with which I have some acquaintance. I am therefore, perhaps, in a better position than the general reader to judge the value of his estimate of the character of his subject, and the accuracy of the narrative he relates.

I have no knowledge of the sources from which the writer has derived his information. He confesses that the book has been written without Mr. Norman's authorization. That I should assume without any explicit admission; for the Governor of the Bank is not the man to help in advertising his achievements, or in answering criticism, or in defending his policy and actions.

The author has evidently been a close student of international financial affairs during the post-war period. His record of the various financial operations for the reconstruction of Europe, in which Mr. Norman took such a prominent and effective part, is full and accurate. It is when he deals with what is supposed to have happened 'behind the scenes,' when he must necessarily rely on hearsay, that his account and my own recollection are at variance. To give one instance. His account of the inception of the Hoover Moratorium is entirely new to me. No such preliminary

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conversations as he describes ever took place within my knowledge.

I do not mention these incursions into the realm of imagination to detract from the value of the book. They are in a sense irrelevant. The interest and value of the work lie in facts that are irrefutable, and in its very penetrating insight into Mr. Norman's deliberate and consistent monetary policy, and especially his activities in the field of international finance.

During the four years I was at the Exchequer I had abundant opportunities of getting to know Mr. Norman well. The relations between the Chancellor and the Governor of the Bank are intimate and confidential. What takes place between them is as inviolate as if under the seal of the confessional. But this I may say. The rantings of ignorant demagogues, who know as much about monetary and financial matters as a boat horse, who hurl denunciation at the Governor as a sinister ogre who uses his great power to serve only the selfish interests of financiers, ruthlessly crushing industry, fill me with disgust. Whether Mr. Norman's policy and actions are right or wrong, whether he makes mistakes or not, one thing is indisputable. No man with great responsibilities ever tried more faithfully to discharge them with the single aim of promoting national and international well-being.

The writer of the book under review set out to give an impartial estimate of Mr. Norman's policy. This, no doubt, has been his aim, but, though critical of certain features of that policy, his examination drives him to the final conclusion that 'it may be said without hesitation that, although Mr. Norman has never been a politician, he has been the greatest statesman in Great Britain since the War.' This is an opinion I fully indorse.

On what grounds is this eulogy of Mr. Norman based? It is mainly because of his work in restoring the financial stability of the ruined countries of Europe. The British public knows little of the gigantic task he undertook and carried to success. Mr. Einzig devotes a chapter of his book to a summary of this work. It would be well if the story were more widely known. From 1923 to 1929 Mr. Norman unremittingly devoted himself to this great task. When he began, 'in most countries inflation was the chief means of meeting government expenditure. International trade was hopelessly disorganized; the depreciation of currencies reduced the purchasing power of all classes in every country; indeed, it appeared as if Europe were heading toward financial, economic, political, and social disaster.'

While the dilatory League of Nations discussed proposals for helping these stricken countries, Mr. Norman acted. The Bank of England extended credits to a number of central banks to stabilize the currencies, and this facilitated the issue of stabilization loans later, under the auspices of the League. Mr. Norman's action in using the resources of the Bank of England to restore the financial stability of the European countries has been criticized on the ground that he cared more for foreign countries than for the interests of British industry. Such criticism is ignorant or shortsighted. This country had everything to lose by the economic collapse of these foreign countries, and everything to

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gain by their restoration to prosperity. Mr. Norman's foreign policy was dictated by the interests of this country. The world depression of to-day, which has so seriously affected our industry, is proof of the extent to which we are dependent for our prosperity on the prosperity of the rest of the world.

II

Criticism of Mr. Norman's policy is confined in the main to the charge that he has pursued a policy of credit restriction, and the maintenance of an unnecessarily high bank rate. Upon him, too, the responsibility for the reëstablishment of the gold standard in 1925 has been placed. There are other critics who criticize him for exactly opposite reasons. This only goes to show that, whatever a man in his position does, he is bound to be criticized.

In regard to the first of these criticisms—the alleged restriction of credit. In the period of trade depression credit expansion serves no useful purpose. It is not credits that are needed to-day, but markets. No amount of credit can make these. When the markets are open, credits will be forthcoming. As a matter of fact, one of the most revolutionary changes made at the Bank under Mr. Norman's leadership was the establishment of the Bankers' Industrial Development Company. This company was formed, backed by the resources of the Bank, for helping big industries, particularly iron and steel and cotton, to reorganize themselves so as the better to equip themselves to 'capture' foreign markets. The results have been most disappointing, on account of the reluctance of these industries to set their houses in order.

As to the criticism that the bank rate has at times been kept at too high a figure, I need say little. The effect of the bank rate on industry is much exaggerated. I have studied the relation of the bank rate to the volume of industrial output and employment over a number of years, and it is difficult to find any connection. Under the gold standard the manipulation of the bank rate was used for its legitimate purpose of rectifying the exchanges.

The return to the gold standard was made shortly after I left the Exchequer in 1924. Although a firm believer in the gold standard, when worked according to rule, I doubted at the time whether the moment chosen to return to it was propitious; it would have been better, I thought, to wait until our price level had been brought more closely into line with world prices. However, the change was made, and until the crisis of 1929 it worked on the whole satisfactorily. But the hoarding of gold by two countries, and the financial crash of 1929, resulted in a drain upon the Bank's gold reserves that made the continuance of the gold standard here impossible. But to those who now criticize the return to the gold standard in 1925 I would say two things. First, those who are now most vocally condemning that action were the strongest supporters of the action at the time; and, secondly, that step was taken by the Government, not the Bank.

I have not space to deal much further with Mr. Norman's policy, nor with the criticism of that policy. But I must say a word of his efforts to establish closer relations between the central banks of the world. As the

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writer of the book under review says, 'his work in the sphere of developing the principles of central banking would be in itself sufficient to preserve his memory for posterity.' If his aim had been fully realized, the cornering of the world's gold stocks would never have taken place, and the collapse of the gold standard would never have occurred.

I have said little of the personality of Mr. Norman. He has, like all strong men, the faculty of arousing admiring devotion and strong dislike. He pursues his own course indifferent to either. Like strong men, too, he is something of an autocrat. He knows his own mind; his course is quite clear to himself, and he does not like interference. He has a very keen sense of humor, and I am sure that he enjoys the rôle of 'mystery man.'

I must finally offer my sincere congratulations to the writer of this interesting and informing volume. It is remarkably well written; it is discriminating and just; it is not the work of a hero-worshiper, but that of a writer anxious to do justice to one of the greatest men of our time.

II. One Step Enough

By Montagu Norman

From *The Times*, London Conservative Daily

I WISH to put before you one or two thoughts to which I feel the minds of those who live and move about this narrow city may direct themselves. They are not questions for to-day or to-morrow or next week. They are ultimate questions that eventually will need consideration and action. They are questions that may arise in the future and that had better be decided by common consent among us.

Obviously one of the great things of which we, speaking technically, wish to dispose are the frozen credits throughout Europe. I think there is nothing that impedes the business and prospects of bankers to the same extent as these. How this is to be achieved I do not know; but I do believe what I have been told, that trade will find its way in almost any direction over or around almost any tariff if it be financed. But if the bankers' credit in many countries is frozen up and the exchange opportunities in those countries are not available, then trade with those countries is extremely difficult.

There is another point to which we ought to direct our attention. In the past, by tradition, by reason of our means and ability, we were great lenders. Lending here was practically indiscriminate, it was merely competitive. Can that continue with the same freedom in the future? The time will come when great opportunities for investment, speculative included, will be offered in several places east and west of here. It has happened before. It will happen again. What we shall need when that time arrives is a robust and rationalized industry and commerce that can offer the same attractions by way of investment here as will assuredly be offered in those other countries. I look forward in the

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near future to a growth, development, and improvement in the industry of this country, upon which in large measure the business of bankers and merchants depends, which will help us to regain the eminence we once enjoyed.

Another point I wish to mention. It is rather technical, but it refers to a class of bankers, many of whom I see around me, whose business lies largely oversea. They have to my knowledge been generous lenders on short credit oversea. They have done this each for himself and without any coöperation or any knowledge by one of what the others were doing. The result has been that in many instances, some of which have come before me, concerns have been able to borrow on short credit sums which, had the various lenders been aware of it, would have been quite out of the question, and revelation of this state of affairs has come as a surprise to all of us in this country and abroad.

Now, I wonder whether such lending cannot be done in future upon some basis of general coöperation in the interests of all. There are committees of various kinds, one of which in particular comprises the bankers to whom I allude, and I believe that the interests of all would be served if this method of coöperation were in some way to be adopted by them in regard to their future business. I make this suggestion quite humbly. Such matters do not concern me very directly, and yet I hear a great deal about them. I believe in the old motto, 'United we stand, divided we fall.'

But, generally speaking, the difficulties through which we have been passing are too great. In spite of every attempt that has been made—in isolation to a large extent—the vast forces of the world, the herd instinct, the desperation of the people who have neither work nor market, have brought about a series of events and a general tendency that appear to me at the present time to be outside the control of any man, of any government, or of any country.

I believe that if every country and every government could get together and act together things would be different. But they do not seem to be able to do so. Therefore, I am driven to the conclusion that we must take for the moment the short view, though we must plan long. For most of us, 'One step enough for me.' That is as far as, on the whole, I can see. The difficulties are so vast, the forces so unlimited, so novel, and precedents are so lacking, that I approach this whole subject not only in ignorance but in humility. It is too great for me.

But I am willing to do my best. And when it comes to the future I hope that we may all see and approach the light at the end of the tunnel which some are able already to point out to us. I myself see it somewhat indistinctly. Different directions are pointed out to us, all of which I hope will lead us where we wish to go. But I will admit that for the moment the way, to me, is not clear.

We have not yet emerged from the difficulties through which we have been passing. But I like to believe that we shall meet here again next year, that this will continue to be an annual gathering, and that then, as I believe is more than likely, we shall see clearly where we are going and be sensible of the rapid pace at which we are proceeding toward our goal.

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III. Norman for Stability

By 'Yaffle'

From the *New Leader*, weekly organ of the British Independent Labor Party

THE other night there was a bankers' dinner at the Mansion House, and Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, told us this glad news, while the nation hung breathless on his words:—

'The difficulties are so vast, the forces so unlimited, so novel, and precedents are so lacking, that I approach this whole subject not only in ignorance but in humility. It is too great for me. . . . When it comes to the future I hope that we may all see and approach the light at the end of the tunnel which some are able already to point out to us.'

We are all moved by Mr. Norman's disarming candor and charming modesty. It bears out what the press always said of this cultivated, interesting, though somewhat retiring and enigmatic man. And now we may add him to the long list of experts who have admitted that they don't know how to do their jobs.

Some explanation of this phenomenon is needed to avoid misunderstanding. Some of you will say, 'Theirs is the most important job in the country at the present time. We put them there to do it, and if they can't do it they must be removed.' Superficially speaking, this sounds justified. If a miner confesses that he does n't know how to get coal, or if a chauffeur admits, with manly candor, that he has no idea which handles to pull to start the car, ought we to continue paying their wages? Ought we even to allow them to stay at their jobs?

In these cases, no. But in the case of economic experts it is different. Entirely different standards of capability are involved. To begin with, Mr. Norman is underrating himself. He actually does perform what he is supposed to do. For observe: he is in charge of a financial system the object of which is to keep the purchasing power of the country well short of its productive capacity; so that the people, unable to buy the goods they produce or enjoy the wealth they create, will remain slim of figure and free from a degrading indulgence in fleshly delights. And the Bank of England, for all Mr. Norman's modesty, has done this job very well. It is, in fact, the only institution that has succeeded in its object.

It may be a difficult problem to know how to get more money for production and consumption. But it would be an infinitely harder problem to deal with a nation of people all of whom were always sure of enough to eat and could get all their essential duties done in about two hours a day. And that would be the position if it were not for the system of money shortage that Mr. Norman and his colleagues so carefully and persistently preserve. I think, therefore, we may say that his modesty is unnecessary.

If excuse were needed for his inability, Mr. Norman has stated it in his justifiable complaint that 'there are no precedents.' How can we expect an economist, or anybody, to deal with a situation unless it is exactly

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the same as former situations? It is not his fault that he is living to-day instead of 100 years ago when there were still markets for our surplus goods. He is in the position of the engine driver of the first train, who, when told to start the train, replied, 'The problem is beyond me. There are no precedents. But I am told there is a light at the end of the tunnel.'

Again, we have to consider what we should lose if we had a currency that was subordinated to the material needs of the people. Here we must consider the important statement of Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, who was ministering to his own health at the same banquet:—

'The pound has been a more stable, and therefore more trustworthy measure of value of goods than gold itself. . . . Sterling has been found to have an inherent stability of its own. The basis of that inherent stability is the stability of our national institutions and our national character.'

This, I think, explains why Mr. Norman is allowed to stay where he is. We see from this that the shortage of money does n't matter; that the function of a financial system is not to see that people have enough money, but to keep that money stable. Stability of sterling does n't mean that you are ever going to get enough of it to buy things with. On the contrary, you must see that, if the value or quantity of currency were liable to fluctuate according to how much of it was needed to distribute goods, it would become unstable. We should lose the rock of the nation's foundation. What shall it profit a nation if it gain full stomachs and a two-hour day and lose its own stability? A fickle, unstable currency might change according to the needs of the community. But not so the British pound. It will remain stable; solidly and firmly based on its own shortage.

Sir Hilton Young said that it was useless to prophesy, for no one can tell what the future of the pound, immediate or remote, is likely to be. We do not want to know. 'What does it matter,' said an unemployed worker to me, as he showed me his empty larder. 'Sterling is stable. "If this fail, the pillar'd firmament is rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble"—Milton. Can you lend me a tanner?'

It is matter for pride that the pound got its virtues from us. Our determination to starve in the midst of plenty, rather than make ungentlemanly pigs of ourselves, has been transmitted to the pound. Unshaken, immovable, with characteristic British firmness of purpose, it clings to the inherent stability of its own shortage. In face of temptations to move into shopkeepers' tills, it remains loyal to its trust, a trustworthy measure of value of the goods it can't buy.

Boldly, defiantly, it keeps its feet firmly planted in the sterling position which, geographically speaking, is about half a mile away from the consumer's pocket, and a twenty-year journey from the cost of living. It stands, the only bulwark between us and the abundance that threatens the stability of our institutions—notably our prisons and workhouses. With British bull-dog tenacity and courage, it will defend this position with its life. Come the four corners of the world in surplus production and we shall refuse them. Nought shall make us buy, if sterling but maintain stabilitye.

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Persons and Personages

Pablo Picasso

By Eugenio d'Ors

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich Liberal Daily

'YOU WHO defend the art of Picasso because both you and he spent your twenties in Barcelona when all the artists visited the Four Cats Tavern, you who are again defending him after so many years have passed and so much has happened and are still explaining his work differently from many other critics who confuse æsthetics with magic or the cabala, you who always enjoy exposing the "catch" in every artistic game that universal snobbishness enjoys playing at, won't you please tell me, agreeing perhaps with many others, though for different reasons, why you attach so much importance to the painting of your fellow countryman and old friend?'

These words were addressed to me by a Paris society lady at the formal opening of an exhibition of Picasso's work in the Georges Petit Gallery on the night of June 14 last. The rooms were crowded and it was very hot. Showing that I was interested in serious things, I skillfully took the lady to a corner of the bar, where we sat down with two glasses of orangeade, and I said to her,—

'The secret is not so difficult to understand but it is subtle, subtle by reason of its simplicity. I like Picasso and I have a high regard for his work because Picasso is perhaps the only contemporary painter who can outline a human figure from memory with a single stroke, beginning at the feet.' And I added, lowering my voice, 'Always provided he shows it looking to the right.'

An heroic accomplishment, indeed, in a period of declining *virtu*, in the sense that the Renaissance Italians used the word or as everybody understands it in connection with the concert hall. For nowadays the traditions of skill, mastery, happy coördination of hand, eye, and spirit are being forgotten, and the artist, like the public, has achieved that disregard for optics which I once sought to diagnose as a pathological affection. As we know from many confidential sources, more than one artist over forty has secretly had to start learning how to make exact drawings of plaster casts, a discipline that he had evaded in the past or that his teachers had forbidden him.

Picasso's career has been just the opposite of this. I explained the secret of the high critical esteem in which I hold him when I repeated the

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few words that I said to the Parisian lady. The secret of his technical perfection as a painter is that Picasso is the son of an instructor in drawing. If we keep that fact in mind it explains everything. And I say a drawing instructor, a trained, official teacher with a diploma, not an artist, which was all the more fortunate for the son. Not being set any one model to follow, the young man was trained to a definite profession. He did not have to carry on any tradition. He received an early education that was well rounded and complete.

PABLO PICASSO, whose father's name was Ruiz, drew well ever since he was eight or nine years old, not freely but classically and pretentiously. At the age of sixteen he became a teacher. When he was seventeen years old one of his pictures won a prize at a municipal art exhibition. At twenty he was painting as he is to-day, I might even say a little bit better. Those who had never paid any attention to his background were greatly surprised when they saw in the Georges Petit Gallery pictures he had painted in 1900 that already showed an amazingly complete mastery and all the characteristics that later distinguished his own work and that whole school of ultramodern art that seems to be governed by the laws of a renewed, revived classicism.

First of all, there was his basic opposition to the passing school of impressionism. To-day this opposition has won him æsthetic approval, but twenty-five years ago it isolated him and he showed exceptional courage in maintaining his attitude. The precursors of Picasso were not quite so skeptical of impressionism as he was—and I say precursors, not masters, because the young painter was always disciplined, yet, as I can testify, completely free from any influence. What painters except Picasso were so independent of contemporary fashions? Not more than three—Georges Seurat in Paris, Ferdinand Hodler in Switzerland, and the solitary Paul Cézanne. But Cézanne was able to emancipate himself from impressionism only very slowly. It took all his most earnest efforts to shake himself free from its influence. Hodler, in his landscapes and to a less extent in his portraits, always seems like a rapid, lyrical adept, and as far as Seurat is concerned there are always two sides to the question of his *pointillisme*. But there are never two sides to anything about Picasso. While other artists have been attracted by various arts, this painter has from the beginning devoted himself to pictorial representation and has turned his back on the suggestiveness of musical elements. This is true not only of his technique but of the most intimate inspiration of his work, which has more to do with geometry than with nature. Picasso is probably the only contemporary painter whose iconography does not include any nature worship, any essential pantheism.

The consequences of this are endless. A whole book devoted to

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examining his material would not suffice to cover them all and here I cannot even think of touching upon them. What I have written is merely intended to call attention to one aspect of the work of one of the most celebrated and widely discussed painters in the world.

The Richest Man in the World

By Annie Quensel

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

'AWAIT the order of His Exalted Highness' was the truly Oriental wording of the telegram I received in answer to my request as to when it would be convenient for me to pay my visit to the Nizam of Hyderabad. I waited a few days, but after a week had elapsed and a second telegram from me was answered in the same stereotyped way I resolutely set forth, determined to receive the final order of His Exalted Highness on the spot.

Thus I became the guest of the Prince who is considered the richest man in the world. It is claimed that no one except the owner himself has ever set eyes on the immense diversity of his treasures. Nobody is in a position to state precisely the extent of the wealth that has accumulated here during the course of centuries. The matchless treasures of the Nizam originally arose from the great mineral wealth of his country, from his coal mines, diamond fields, and salt works. In the forests of Hyderabad grow teak and sandalwood, as well as fruit-bearing palms and other valuable trees. The fields produce rich harvests of cotton and oil seeds and the exquisite delicacy of the muslin from the cotton looms was remarked upon even in Marco Polo's day. The nucleus of Hyderabad's fabulous jewel collection dates back to the thirteenth century and originated from successful campaigns in the neighboring territory of the Rajah Ramchandra. Every successive ruler has done his best to increase these treasures.

The present Exalted Highness does all he can to add to his possessions and pile up wealth. What the people of his own kingdom say of the Prince in this connection is not altogether flattering. The richest prince in the world has devised a regular system for wringing as much money as possible from his subjects, and his income from various little 'specialties' must reach a considerable figure. And this is in addition to his governmental allowance of about eight million rupees a year.

What, for instance, can one say of a Prince who regularly exacts from each of his official dinner guests a *nazae* or gift that varies with the rank of the guest? The lowest sum is a gold mohur, a little more than two

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pounds—no small expenditure for an officer or government official, especially since these strange, tax-laden receptions sometimes take place more than once a year. As the number of guests averages five hundred, this is no mean source of income.

But the Nizam has other less public but equally lucrative business practices. He chooses to 'honor' his friends and acquaintances by sending them boxes or baskets filled with fruit or candy, always with a little tag attached on which is marked the price to be paid for the 'gift.' The way in which these dainties are procured is not without interest. The Nizam betakes himself to a bazaar dressed in his usual somewhat negligent attire. He will enter a confectioner's shop, sample the wares, and praise them, whereupon the poor shopkeeper is obliged by the custom of the country to offer the Prince as a gift the goods that he has praised. Quick as a flash they disappear into the basket that the Nizam has brought with him, only to be presented later, divided into small portions and prettily arranged, to recipients who, of course, are delighted!

ANOTHER method, which His Highness made use of ten years ago, was to solicit subscriptions to a volume of verse that he had written—two mohurs for the ordinary edition, ten for the *de luxe*. Naturally nobody dared to refuse this proffered art treasure, and mohurs poured into his coffers. Later the subscriptions were closed and nothing more was said about the book. It has not yet appeared.

It is claimed that in the Prince's harem they even economize on food. Only the first wife of the Prince, Pacha Begum, has her own allowance, and four hundred rupees a month is a very modest sum for a princess who is married to the richest man in the world. The Nizam has four wives of the first class and about a hundred concubines. The crown prince is the son of Pacha Begum. Only the children of the four wives have the right to call themselves princes and princesses. The Prince's harem also contains a large number of women whom he inherited from his father, as is the custom.

When I returned to my room one evening from a reception at the university I found awaiting me an invitation from the Nizam for dinner that very night in King Kothi Palace. At the time the message reached me the dinner was already in full progress, and from where I was staying it took at least twenty minutes to reach the palace by automobile. I changed my clothing—chiefly in the automobile—more rapidly than I have ever done in my life. A nervous little man in uniform, an adjutant, received me on the steps. About fifty European and native guests were seated on a garden terrace under a big tent around a tastefully arranged table. Dead silence reigned as I entered, all eyes were directed toward me, and I was evidently taken for a madwoman.

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The trembling adjutant presented me with the last of his strength to His Exalted Highness, a dark little man wearing a tail coat, soft shirt, and fez. With a gracious nod he assigned me my seat. The entire dinner was served me with such speed that though I had arrived while the dessert was on the table I had caught up with the others by the time the coffee appeared. Hardly had I sipped this when the Prince arose, emptied his champagne glass, and offered his arm to his dinner companion, the wife of the English Resident. Followed by the other guests, he left the table, and I imagined that he would lead the way to the drawing room. But nothing of the kind. The last pair had not yet left the terrace and bowed to the young princesses who stood on either side of the door clad in green silk dresses and bright red woolen stockings when the voice of the master of the house pierced the air: 'Come on, quick, quick.' The Prince stood at the top of the steps and beckoned one automobile after another to approach.

'Is it always like this?' I asked an old English lady who was standing near me.

'Yes, this is the way His Highness's dinners usually end.'

When my automobile drew up I seized the opportunity to offer an explanation and an apology for my late arrival. My host laughed heartily. 'I guess you have never eaten as rapidly as to-night,' he remarked genially, all the time waving to the next car to come up. 'Hurry up, hurry up,' sounded through the nocturnal silence of the park as I wended my way thoughtfully home from the strangest dinner of my life.

Murry's Merry Men

By E. Rolph

From *The Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

YOUR Publication (notice the capital P) is good and pleases a merry person who has drawn transitional payment in 'peace time' and 'rosed' to the rank of private (very public, sometimes twenty or more in a tent or barrack room) in the army before the War, as well as going over the wall (politely termed detention barracks) for a stretch for being drunk and disorderly; the aforesaid 'over the wall' business incidentally is fine and can be recommended for reducing weight, edging appetites, and changing human behavior. So much for history.

As already indicated, the *Adelphi* is some stuff, with its bright, yellow color covering, its fresh-looking lay-out, fine printing, youthfulness embodied in its articles; with the Oxford touch always so funny and amusing to us wage blokes with its hairsplitting, cumbersome love of de-

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tail and ultrapoliteness, queer clothing, curious looking with squinty eyes, ruffled hair, saggy knees, bulgy ankles, and big feet, with the general characteristic of absent-mindedness excepting that three-times-a-day bath expression, with long gown tied round the waist, soap container, tooth brush, huge towel flung over the left forearm with the high-noted musical sound, which only those lads from Oxford can produce, that comes from the top of the throat at the back of the mouth and pushes to the front, so: AHH. This sound denotes all sorts of feelings in the individual who makes it. So much for the feelings and mental pictures which the *A.* arouses in the merry person described previously in this drivel.

Then the merry gent Murry is a real lad. He is full of romance. As well as being 'ead over 'eels enamored with that mighty crowd of guys who wear baggy trousers, pants, and knicks, big specs, with splitty eyes on the other side, and who feel tenderly for that prolific species, Henry Dubb, the proletariat; who debate debatable questions among themselves in the masculine as well as in the feminine gender, such as 'Shall the 5*s.* family endowment be paid to the husband or to the wife?' or 'If the five bob is paid to the husband how will the wife fare if the husband spends the five shillings in a filthy pub?' or 'Even if the money is paid to the wife what can be introduced in the form of legislation to ensure the 5*s.* being used for the benefit of the child?' Whilst the ladies, bless 'em, discuss all the advanced sex-appeal literature, blow clouds of smoke in the air, and condemn the wage workers for being blockheaded.

Among the same crowd of Merry Murry's pals are those who eat grass, drink sea water, smell air, and look into the sky whilst taking long walks lest they should be the cause of suffering to something. Blimey, this is the folk who, according to the Merry Murry gent, shall lead the workers in their struggles. Nice people, every one, who dish up well-cooked foods, arrange nice teas, and do quite a lot to alleviate the dismal lot of some workers. This conglomeration of feelists, sentimentalists, who generally rely for a living upon some form of surplus value created by the workers, who say, 'No more vaccination—it hurts; no more vivisection—it kills; no more war—it destroys'; they, if M. M. is to be read correctly, are the ones who are going to plan the revolution, organize and arm the workers, and manufacture the bombs. By Christ, workers, as backward as they might appear to the Oxford gent and his lady, have developed enough brains to bomb such bombosity to bunkum.

OF THE many ink dabblers who write for the sisteren, brotheren, comrades of the movement, whether Oxfordites or some other form of collegeite, some have never known, the others very often quickly forget the workers' surroundings, home life, foods, thoughts, condition of work,

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general psychology, recreation, and pastimes. Just imagine working chaps and lassies giving ear to gracelike notes about 'spring flowers,' 'fantasies out of navels,' 'the romance of the tip of the beech leaf,' or other similar poetical expressions! Hairsplits about art, such as Geoffrey Sainsbury wrote in last month's issue of the *A.*, are so much bunk and make little difference to the crude, simple wage slaves. To be able to think of flowery language to interpret things that pass through the sense organs is of no consequence to the wage slave, due to his being mostly occupied on coarse work which largely requires great muscular powers, which tires both body and mind, and leaves the worker helpless after the day's work either for thought or action. Nevertheless workers have their own modes of expression, and, these being real revolutionary, it would be against the law to print or publish them. If workers' art is unbeautiful it is due to that which it must interpret. The workers' existence is hard, uninteresting, uncertain, full of suffering, suspicion, and betrayal.

How the 'ell then can workers, faced with all the crawlers, catchers, twisters, and sharks that prey continuously upon them, together with all the other bitter things of their lives, produce flowery stuff, Art, which to their mode of life is untrue?

The same applies to policies. Whether Middleton Murry, Maxton, MacDonald, Communists, or what not, like it or not, with Living Wage, Socialism in Our Time, Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and other slogans, one has to remember that, although drawing-rooms and meeting rooms are hotbeds for discussing the way out, the worker is a very cautious fellow, his very life is centred in an atmosphere of suspicion. He might be easily caught on the doorstep into paying sixpence for a penny commodity, partly due to his anxiety to be rid of the pedlar, or be robbed of a shilling by a confident trickster in the market place, again probably through a sense of sympathy, of being helpful; but when anyone begins to talk of economics, its ramifications, its oligarchic control; with the materialistic conception of the historical growth of society through the study of the relationship between man, the material conditions of production, and the reaction of man to his economic environment, it is enough to make the poor old fellow say 'Phew,' wipe his forehead with the back of his hand, take a deep breath, and loudly cry, 'Well, here's a bloke going to have one [a pint of beer] after that lot.'

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Two German visitors to Greece describe two totally different aspects of the country's life. One introduces us to the intimacy of his Greek son-in-law's family circle; the other takes us the rounds of the Mount Athos monasteries.

When Greek *Meets* German

By Two German Visitors

I. Beware of the Greeks

By Theodor Lessing

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

'And then we Greeks are renowned for our hospitality. "Let the guest be sacred to you," said Homer. And the visitor is still regarded as sacred to-day.' So spoke my oracular Greek son-in-law, Kostas, who is also a pirate, a rogue, and a rascal.

'The devil!' I exclaimed. 'I can't stand it any more. I am not going to visit anybody else even if you all take it amiss.'

To which he replied, 'Uncle Glycerinopoulos always enjoyed you so much. You were always nice to us. You would really offend our family.'

'Well, all right, but I go on two conditions. First, I want to join in your conversation. Speak German to me and translate what I say into Greek. Secondly, you must find some excuse to get me away within two hours. Say something like this: "Don't forget, papa, that Prince Dolgoruki is waiting." Or else: "Papa, remember that the Emperor of Abyssinia wants to see you." Within two hours at the very most, you understand?'

He promised and we set forth. Ajax Georgios Glycerinopoulos, captain of police, lives outside the city near the country house of our cousin, Idiokitis, whose hospitality I had enjoyed the evening before and who lives not far from the brewery of another cousin of ours, Popokakis, whom I had visited the day before that. Glycerino-

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poulos has no children. His wife was once very pretty and had a sweet, innocent, childlike face. But as the years went by she became rather 'rhizinoid' because, like all Greek wives, she had too many domestic virtues and therefore did not take enough exercise. The captain, God help him, is what people call a *parthenopipa*, which means that he runs after the girls. He wears a handsome uniform and is always twirling his little waxed moustache. He slaps me on the shoulder, saying, 'Well, little uncle, how do you like Greece?'

We begin by sitting down in a circle in the best room, which is filled with elaborate furniture. Out in the garden the blackbirds are singing, while the phonograph makes music within. Out of doors in the garden the eternal blue sky is smiling as it smiles everywhere in Greece, but indoors red curtains keep out the bright light of day and we sit in the glow of a greenish-purple lamp.

On the walls are innumerable New Year cards, photographs of relatives larger than life size, and shiny chromolithographs of completely naked, alabaster-white women lying voluptuously on blue sofas with chalk-white swans swimming unnaturally around them. There are artificial paper flowers and a great many statuettes—'Love as the Heart-Smith,' 'Ariadne on Her Panther,' and 'The First Kiss.' We are shown some crystal vases that were won as prizes in rifle competitions, also diplomas, certificates, and laurel wreaths. I must look at the picture-postcard album and the parrot, Penelopeia, that is trying to drown out the phonograph, which is playing the 'Greek Dance of Freedom.' There are dozens of cushions, quilts, sofa covers, antimacassars, and table cloths, all of which the good, fat housewife has made herself. For Greek women weave and crochet until they are married and bring their husbands whatever they have made, with all their emotions woven into them. Teddy bears and those popular, grotesque dancing dolls made out of wool are now sitting on the sofa cushions. I am offered a seat between the teddy bears and the parrot, and Greek hospitality begins to unfold itself.

II

We begin by eating sweets that have been prepared in the house. These include the popular *lukummi* (a kind of gum made of honey), glazed, sugared fruit, and preserved ginger, all of which is very sticky, sweet, and stringy and clings to the stomach like plaster. The wife or daughter of the house serves the guest, politely inclining her head and standing modestly before him, holding the tray in her outstretched hands. 'Help yourself—the honor of the house is at stake.' If he refuses, it is an insult. If he takes a double portion the housewife feels herself honored. The girl remains standing until the guest has eaten his fill and drunk the glass of fresh water with which every treat is brought to an end.

While I was swallowing the sweets, surrounded by the approval of all those present, the little serving maid, a girl about twelve years old, was setting the big family table in the next room, and I scented trouble ahead. 'Now give us the honor of a little cup of tea, uncle.' I was shown into the next room, where a mountain

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of home-cooked food was standing. The housewife put two clean plates in front of each of us and we again sat down in a circle and everyone talked Greek to me, of which I do not understand a word. I ate in despair, made a few polite noises, stroked the cat, and was irritated that it would not accept any food. Then they showed me the garden, the chicken yard, and the rabbits. I had to sample some 'celio,' a milky-white, homemade liqueur that tastes of anise. Again I was stationed between the parrot and the teddy bears, the other side of the record of the 'Greek Dance of Freedom' was played, and an odor of turpentine or varnish filled the unnaturally lighted room.

I managed to kick Kostas's shin under the shaky table to signify that it was time for him to get me away, but he kept right on sputtering family gossip in Greek. I kept urging him, 'Translate what you are saying. I can't keep on eating all the time and sit here without saying anything.' But he replied, 'What do you want me to translate for you, papa?' Meanwhile the fat lady of the house had disappeared. I noticed that new smells were coming out of the kitchen. 'Uncle,' said the captain,—Kostas translated this for me,—'to-day you must make the acquaintance of some real Greek national dishes. My wife has been cooking them since dawn.'

Then they took me and whirled me out of the curtained room into the front room, where the meal began. The good housewife kept running between the kitchen and the table and I felt like a goose being stuffed full of food before Christmas. First we had any quantity of *hors d'œuvres*, including little crabs, lobster, and a fish called *gepa* with mayonnaise on them, which I cannot stand, then another kind of fish called *synagride*, and a vegetable called *dolmares*. Then came *zykotaikia tiganata*. What it was I do not know. It tasted like cooked scraps of an old military leather belt.

III

I was now beginning to feel helpless. I pulled out my watch and said to Kostas, 'See here, it's high time. We're going to be late for Venizelos.' He replied awkwardly in German, 'None of that, papa, it won't do. The family would take it very hard. You must now make the acquaintance of *pilav kolokythakia kommidhi*.' The captain did not understand, for we were speaking German, but he noticed that I was thinking of leaving.

'Uncle,' he cried excitedly, 'you won't do that to us. My dear wife has prepared Greek mutton for you, every piece carefully soaked in wine and then skewered. It is all in your honor so that our dear guest can make the acquaintance of Greece.'

'It's too much,' I exclaimed, 'I can't hold any more.' Kostas translated what I had said and they were delighted, thinking that it proved that their food was good and abundant.

The little serving girl brought the mutton and what they called *pilav*, a mixture of pepper, rice, cucumbers, and onions covered with a garlic sauce called *skordalia*. I was ready to throw myself at the feet of the stout lady and beg for mercy when I suddenly remembered that I had three handkerchiefs with me. I therefore put the pieces of meat that were set before me into my mouth, brought my handkerchief up to my nose, spat the

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meat out into the handkerchief, and put it in my pocket. It was difficult, but the captain did not notice anything and neither did Kostas. But the fat lady watched my mouth and when she noticed that I did not seem to be eating she thought that I did not care for her cooking or her hospitality and forced me to take another juicier piece. But the little servant girl was the worst of all. She stood in a corner and stared at me. I had to get rid of her somehow so I asked for some water and then for a plate. As soon as the girl had left the room I stuffed some more food in my handkerchief. The ruse succeeded. The family beamed with pride and asked me through Kostas, 'Uncle, how does it taste?'

Unfortunately the mutton was followed by some plates of extremely soft food. The housewife brought in three fried eggs apiece and set them down with this remark, 'Even the chickens of the house greet our dear guest and beg that he do them the honor.' I had to carry it off somehow and succeeded with difficulty in getting the hard whites into my pocket, but I had to swallow the yolks. Then came a dish of *joghurt* and finally two cheeses. I helped myself only to the hard one. A great deal of wine was being drunk all the time and at the end of the meal we returned for the third time to the back room for thick Turkish coffee and cakes.

IV

Twice I encountered danger. The damned terrier, Phylax, kept coming over to me, sniffing and wagging his tail. I tried to reassure everybody by explaining how fond I was of dogs and how good dogs knew it, until finally the serving girl threw the importunate creature out. But then something terrible happened. I was not feeling well. It was hot and stuffy. I therefore pulled out my handkerchief to fan myself and with it came the pieces of meat and cheese. I wanted the earth to swallow me. But strangely enough only the little serving girl saw the tragedy and she was too scared to do anything. I stretched my legs out as if I were making myself comfortable until they covered the remains of the food, which I slowly pushed under the red plush sofa with my toes. I hope that Phylax found it there. Thus I succeeded in surviving the meal.

When midnight arrived, the brave Kostas finally dared to break away. The good fat housewife gave us a package of oranges and cakes to eat on our way home. I said, like the Emperor Francis Joseph, 'I thank you, it was lovely,' and they replied that I was a nice uncle but that I did not have a good enough appetite, which I said was due to the fact that I had been visiting friends and relatives for weeks. But the captain still thought that uncle was too thin and that if he ate so little he would not live to a ripe old age.

On the way home I addressed a few strong German words to my son-in-law, Kostas. I said that this confounded *philoxenia* in Greece was an imposition on one's personal liberty. I said that I was no family man and that I would not pay any more visits. In conclusion I emptied the entire contents of my pocket at his feet. He looked at me pityingly and said, 'Your coat has big grease spots on it. We must send it to the cleaner's at once, for we have been invited to visit Uncle Arteriosklerupolos day after to-morrow.'

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II. Monks of Athos

By G. Christoph

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-Language Daily

A REPUBLIC of monks. Twenty ancient monasteries on a seagirt, rocky peninsula, connected with the almost uninhabited, almost roadless mainland of Chalchidice by a narrow tongue of land. Twenty ancient monasteries and numerous new settlements and houses occupied by monks remote from the life of the world, untouched by the rapid tempo of our time, maintaining ancient, sacred customs and dwelling in complete asceticism, for their diet is slim and no woman can cross the frontier of this monastic nation.

Mystery attracted us here. A nation of religious ascetics in the twentieth century—how is such a thing possible? Does a remnant of the great religious culture of the Middle Ages still exist in our irreligious epoch? How would this foreign, long-outmoded world speak to us? Does it really still exist? Does Christ still live among the monks? Or are these monks merely wretched, hopeless men trying to warm their hearts at a fire that died long ago?

The metropolitan bishop of Salonika gave us a letter of introduction to the rulers of Athos and we set forth by sea one evening two weeks before the Easter festival. As the sun sank behind the mountains of Thessaly and shone against the snowy peak of Mount Olympus, making the sky and sea glitter with many bright colors, our little coasting steamer crossed the smooth mirror of the Gulf of Salonika and made its way by night along the shore of Chalchidice.

As day began to break over the sea the next morning, the mighty peak of the holy mountain with its white marble summit arose before us, jutting out of the ocean to a height of over six thousand feet. Monasteries clung to its steep sides like eagles' nests. Their unscalable walls and redoubtable towers warded off the outer world while they clung with indomitable determination to the mountain that rose above them. They lay devoutly in its deep folds as if they were shrouded in the white mantle of God the Father. The sun rose and the brightness of the Greek morning surrounded us as our ship entered the Bay of Daphne, the Laurel Bay, where the range of hills that runs northward from Mount Athos toward Chalchidice descends gently to the sea. The landscape was charming. Lofty cypresses of dark, bluish green and huge, yellow-green plane trees rose out of silver groves of little gnarled olive trees, and against the green background shone bright-yellow flowering broom. Houses and warehouses with walls of brilliant white chalk were grouped about the landing place. A small boat took us ashore. For a moment we were surrounded by the shouting of boatmen and mule drivers, then the stillness of the olive groves through which we made our way engulfed us. First we followed the shore, then wound our way up the range of hills beyond which lies Karyaes, the centre of the Athos republic. As we made our way uphill it kept getting warmer. The sea lay below, silent and deep blue. The sky

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was cloudless. Our road was lined with tall chestnut and laurel trees and all kinds of bushes in which birds were twittering. The air was filled with the warm smell of flowers, seeds, and earth.

II

After three hours we reached the top of the hills and gazed across a new kind of sea that lay before us. Not far from the tree-covered slope lay Karyaes and a little farther away was a big Russian monastery with green cupolas. We made our way downhill into the city of the monks. The streets were narrow. Overhanging upper stories and protruding roofs cast shadows. By now the sun had climbed higher. The narrow strip of sky that cast its light down on us between the roofs blinded our eyes, and the ground floors of the shops into which we looked through open doors and windows seemed almost dark. Craftsmen and merchants were sitting here talking to the monks. We regarded the monks' faces—their broad, hooked noses, the deep lines in their bronzed, parchmentlike skin, their enormous, blazing eyes under bushy brows, their cheeks and mouths emerging above luxuriant beards. Their long, uncut hair streamed from beneath their black cowls and was braided into knots that dangled around their necks. We met other monks who hastened past us along the rough pavement in flowing black robes that reached to their ankles.

At first these figures seemed unreal and legendary. In the world of light and color that surrounded us their dark colors of mourning and renunciation seemed incredible. It was not that we were insensitive to mystical things but that the Greek landscape led us to expect other sensations. If a naked Greek god had flown across the glittering surface of the sea or if the voice of Pan had called to us from the thicket we should not have considered it extraordinary, but the black robes that we had always associated with the semidarkness of a church seemed incongruous here.

But this was all soon behind us, and we were waiting in the courtyard of the Athos government for the letter of introduction that would open the doors of the twenty monasteries to us. Gray monks with long white beards came and went. They bowed humbly with their arms crossed against their breasts. But there was a good deal of dignity, perhaps even pride, in their humility, and our sensations were divided as we wondered whether this was n't a mere costume show, a theatrical performance.

But the new world in which we had arrived overnight—we ourselves hardly knew how or why—had already carried us away with it. Everything was so foreign and strange that we felt we were on another planet or in some imaginary country or in a dream. Were we dreaming? If we awoke should we find ourselves in that other world that lay somewhere far away behind us? No, we could not wake. This world was real.

The sun cast clear shadows. Everything was plastic, and the oranges gleaming over a distant garden wall seemed within reach. Our senses accepted a new world that was penetrating them as if we were intoxicated. And, when some white-bearded monks appeared and one of them handed us the holy letter with a solemn air full of concealed meaning, this monkish

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world completely carried us away. The inspiration of its ceremony laid hold of us and we bowed and muttered a few words of thanks as we left the courtyard through a vaulted doorway.

III

The same day we reached the first monastery. We had to hurry, for by sunset every monastery's doors are barricaded by the monks, a tradition that survives from the time when they lived in fear of robbers and had reason to suspect wanderers who asked admission by night. We therefore arrived before twilight. We went through a vaulted doorway, then the monk who served as porter came out of a side room and asked us where we were going and what our names were. We replied and showed him our letter. The monk took it, kissed it, crossed himself, read it slowly, following the words with his finger, and then bade us welcome. The first monastery had offered us its hospitality.

We were taken across the monastery courtyard to an open, worn-out wooden stairway, at the head of which we were greeted by a monk whom we summoned by a bell and whose duty it was to look out for guests. He led us to a room and invited us to sit down. Then he disappeared and returned in a few minutes with a big tray laden with mastic, Turkish coffee, and quince jelly. He passed these around to each of us, saying, 'To your health.' Thus we were welcomed with Oriental ceremony.

A few monks joined us and asked us for cigarettes. A conversation began. We were asked about what was happening in the world from which we had come, though it hardly seemed possible we had taken leave yesterday, since it now lay so far behind. We were surprised to have the monks recall to our mind things that we had almost forgotten—politics, the economic crisis, international intrigue, and human misery. Do these matters penetrate even the remoteness of the Athos monasteries?

We did not yet know the answer to this question but we hoped that it would be negative, for, feeling that we had arrived in another world, we were reluctant to believe that it had anything in common with the world we had left. Our host soon reappeared, interrupting our conversation and summoning us to the evening meal. Since this monastery was idiorrhythmic, that is, one in which the monks have their meals together only on feast days and on all other occasions eat alone, the monk took us to the kitchen, a big room with a coal fire burning in it, for though the day had been hot the night was cool. He lit a yellow candle just like those that we see monks lighting in front of images in church and placed it on the bare wooden table, on which we saw our evening meal. It consisted of little salted fishes, salad, olives, goat's-milk cheese, black bread, and a big carafe of red wine. The monk ate and drank with us and was most cordial. 'Now is n't our wine good?' he asked us as he laughed and kept smacking his fat thighs.

'Your wine is marvelous, little father, perfectly marvelous,' we assured him.

'I think so, too. It is the best in all Athos.'

The big carafe was empty. Our monk was on the point of falling asleep and we were tired, too. We

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therefore asked him to show us to our room. Like the monks, we had a cell with a cross painted on its door to ward off evil spirits. The bed was hard. Our window looked out over the silent forests, and when we leaned out we saw the shimmering, dark silvery-gray sea beneath the bright, starry heaven.

IV

Weeks have passed since the day we first entered an Athos monastery. Since then we have visited all the monasteries, shared the daily life of the monks, celebrated the Easter festival with them, talked with them at length concerning spiritual and worldly matters, and studied the history of Athos in its libraries. The monastery world accepted us. We made ourselves familiar with the customs and ideas of the monks. After the first few days, during which we were overwhelmed by our strong impressions of a world that seemed new and strange, we tried to keep ourselves from reverting to the surge of emotion that so easily overwhelms the visitor. We not only wanted to get impressions but we also wanted to make discoveries. We wanted to know whether the old religious culture was really still alive in the monks of Athos, who are supposed to carry it on and guard it in all its purity. The religious service on Easter night, the ceremony celebrating the ascension of Christos Pantokrator, impressed us and seemed to us completely convincing. But we did not give in to it easily. We asked ourselves whether our emotions were due to the mystic power of the monks or whether they were not due to the grandiose, ancient, holy ceremony itself.

Conversations with the monks and observation of their life convinced us that the present monks of Athos no longer have any spiritual connection with the old culture they are supposed to be preserving. They are carrying out the ritual without grasping its meaning; they are like indifferent actors in a religious play. The monks' conception of life is irreligious. They were not led to the monastery by religious zeal. They adopted the monkish way of life as a profession that offered them more in the way of material benefit than it demanded in the way of sacrifice. They regard divine service as a form of work that is paid for, and the monastery offers them a lazy life, a safe old age, and preferential treatment on the Day of Judgment.

These monks are no ascetics. They are glad to take advantage of any loopholes in the monastic rule and try to find substitutes for any pleasures that are forbidden them. They are Epicureans who have chosen the mystic life because they regard the *Hesychia* as the supreme good—that is, not to have to worry about material existence, not to have any trouble with women, to be able to spend hours each day in untroubled leisure, sitting on a bench by the monastery entrance in the shade of an orange tree or a great cypress, looking out into the distance, over meadows, olive groves, and forests, up the great peak of the holy mountain or down to the shimmering sea, enjoying the remoteness of Athos and the peace of a summer noon.

The *Hesychia* has been the life basis of Orthodox monasticism since it began. But the Hesychasts of the tenth century who founded the first

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Athos monasteries did not regard the *Hesychia* as an end in itself, but a preliminary necessity for mystic union with God. At that time the important thing was to free men from the chains that bound them to earthly things, to humiliate the flesh, to prepare the spirit for mystic revelations. The old Hesychasts did not strive for the petty joys and pleasures of a peaceful life but for the great surge of mystical experience. They chastised themselves, fasted, and denied themselves sleep. They humiliated the flesh to such an extent that bishops and patriarchs had to forbid excessive devotion in order to prevent them from committing suicide.

V

The present monks of Athos still keep the fasts that their rule demands, and it may well be that Lent puts them in a state of mind in which the suggestive powers that dwell in the liturgy may carry them away. But, even if the influence of hunger, incense, music, and holy ritual makes them sensitive to mysticism, the monks play a passive rôle. They remain separated from the creative mysticism of bygone times by a gulf of false understanding.

The difference between ancient and modern mystic life also stands out where the ideal becomes merged with its opposite. The fundamental hedonistic philosophy of the present Athos monks quite often contradicts the *Hesychia*. Since material well-being is the foundation of their lazy, safe way of life, the monasteries often struggle long and bitterly for some small material advantage. Christian brotherly love seems to be unknown. Poor monks and poor monasteries are mercilessly left to their fate by rich neighbors. In the monasteries there are many hidden intrigues and much strife that disturbs the spiritual peace of the monks. The vow of chastity creates great tension. The monastic republic of Athos does not allow any women to cross its frontiers and the atmosphere in many monasteries is therefore charged with electricity. Many of the younger monks are extraordinarily touchy.

We learned from a typicum of Constantine Monomachus of the year 1045 and from descriptions written since that time that conditions in Athos were even worse during its first centuries of existence. At a time when the Hesychasts had to be prevented from carrying their asceticism too far and when men chastised themselves so vigorously that a hospital had to be built for them in Milopotamos, at that very time vice was making rapid strides in the monasteries. The monks of Karyaes were not only overeager to make money and deficient in Christian virtue, but they were guilty of far worse sins.

In the accounts of what happened in those days we found indications of tremendous vitality in vice as well as in virtue. When these men attacked the sinful flesh with all their vital powers they became extraordinary ascetics, and it is not surprising that human energies, blocked from their natural course and dammed up behind the wall that separates men from God or from nothingness, should break through that wall and attain mystic union with God or sink into nothingness. And it is no less astonishing that these energies often recoiled destructively, shattering all human and natural restraints.

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In another sphere we discovered that the old culture of Athos survives only as a shadow and that the creative powers of bygone ages have long since been defeated. It is hard to date the architecture and painting of Mount Athos definitely by centuries. Too often the monks have rebuilt and 'improved' their monasteries and churches and painted over the old frescoes. The result is that buildings and pictures dating before the Turkish conquest of the Balkan Peninsula are rare, but there were enough of them to convince us what the history of Byzantine art has already established —that late Byzantine art has fallen into complete decadence. The older the buildings are the more monumental they are. Those built in recent centuries are visibly weaker. Foreign influences have destroyed all unity. Wealth has created a taste for display. Furnishings and ornaments have become questions of prestige. The poor, small monasteries have been altered least, for they have seldom had enough money to pay for renovations.

It is especially surprising how badly the churches have been decorated during the last hundred years. Practically none of the frescoes have any expression. Not only are they weakly formed but they seem to reveal no technical ability whatever. When one compares them with the few old frescoes that still exist on Athos—in a church in Karyaes, in the Laura monastery, and in a chapel in the Simopetra monastery—the difference becomes very striking. The *skitiotes* or monastic artisans on the southern slope of Athos still have some technical skill at wood carving, and many people in Greece buy their little creations. Their crucifixes are delicate, but as lacking in expression as the garlands of flowers on an old *iconostasis*.

VI

The monastery libraries contain ancient manuscripts that give a much clearer idea of mediæval Byzantine art than the few surviving specimens of architecture and painting. A few mosaics still exist in the Vatopedi monastery, but genuine old works are even rarer than the monks believe and the different monasteries are always disputing among themselves as to which one possesses the oldest relics. In some of the monasteries valuable libraries were burned and real treasures of mediæval culture were destroyed. Nevertheless, enough has remained to give the expert considerable untapped sources of study.

We were chiefly interested in the way the different forms of writing expressed the different periods in which they had been written. Documents of parchment dating back to the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, not all of them written on Athos, have a stern and austere quality. The capital letters are primitive and there are no miniatures. The writing is regular and its rigid forms contain unleashed power, like the torsos of archaic statues. Then the stiffness and austerity gradually begin to unbend. The handwriting shows wealth of movement and rhythmic swing. Next comes a period that reveled in playful formality. The writing looks as if beauty of line were the important thing rather than the words, as if it did not matter whether the words described magic formulæ or everyday information. The capital letters are

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drawn with inexhaustible imagination that unfolds with greater and greater richness. Human figures, birds, and fabulous creatures are merged in wild-colored fantasies like the tops of the columns in Romanesque churches of the West.

This pleasure in playing with forms arose from a conception of life that was essentially different from early and mediæval Byzantinism. We notice the birth of this new period, commonly called the Byzantine Renaissance, in the miniatures that begin to illustrate the text. They break away from the rigid technique that still dominated fresco painting. And they were able to make a complete break with this tradition because, unlike frescoes, they did not attempt to express the mystical presence of holiness. In these books holiness is humanized. It arises from flesh, blood, and soul. In miniature painting the human soul enters religious art. Its influence also overcomes tradition in fresco painting and destroys the rigorous, unfeeling piousness of the figures. A new period began here as well as in the West.

The frescoes of the Byzantine Renaissance do not differ fundamentally from the pictures of the thirteenth-century Siennese school. There is the same wonderful delicacy of color and line. They have the same spiritual content. But in the fourteenth century the cultural development of East and West separated and took different paths. The subjugation of the Balkan Peninsula by the Turks destroyed the beginnings of the new culture in the East. The struggle for independence on the part of the vanquished meant a victory for reaction, and the old tradition of the Middle Ages was reëstablished. But this could not be brought to life again, since it had already been buried in its grave. It remains rigid and dead, a petrified Middle Age, a shadow that extends to our own time.

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An Indian woman lawyer and authoress who was educated at Oxford points out some differences between the swamis of California and the authentic Hindus.

Hindu Swamis *and* Women *of the* West

By Cornelia Sorabji

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Political and Literary Monthly

I WAS late getting to the Maharajah's garden party, but his A. D. C. was still receiving guests at the end of the strip of Turkey red where the Governor had alighted. 'You know your way to the reception tent,' said he. 'It's in the usual place.' To get to it I had to cross the lawns where guests stood talking, or sat at tea tables in the open. My way took me past a group larger than was conventional—almost a street preacher's audience. A pseudo-swami dressed in pink robes, his locks flying loosely about his head, giving him the appearance of an Indian Stopford Brooke, was addressing Indian men of all races. 'I left five hundred American women lying prostrate before the god of illicit love,' said he. And the men laughed. '*Wah! Wah! Shabash!*' ('Well done!')

I went up to the swami. 'I heard what you said. You have been in America?'

'Yes, many years. I am a guide and teacher to many.'

'And have received American hospitality, and "eaten their salt" in the Far West? I thought that Indians never betrayed "the salt." You know our traditions.'

'But they believe all I say. They believe anything and anybody,' he said stoutly, 'who comes from the East. They are flattered by our attention.'

I waited no longer. Comment was useless.

He bore, I discovered, a name well known at a certain *muth* (monastery) which advocated a modernized Hinduism. He spoke a fluent English with a rich American accent, and he wrote books—the pages thickly sown with words derived from Hindu philosophy. But none of my orthodox Hindu friends would have eaten with him or called him a Hindu. I asked

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the 'Truth-Named,' Bawaji Swami Satnam Singh, about him. He was a genuine Hindu mahatma, and he managed to speak truth, without giving offense to any, and without misleading the genuine inquirer after truth. I asked him about this 'Stopford Brooke' swami and others who were wont to go to America and England. He had a quaint habit, my Truth-Named friend; before answering the simplest question he would screw up his eyes, lay his finger along his nose, and meditate. Presently he spoke: 'The answer will be given later.'

When the datura bushes hung out their clusters of white bells, and the pilgrim season had begun, the Truth-Named came to me in as much excitement as his calm abstraction from all emotion permitted. 'There is a *lat* [lord] swami,' he said, 'sitting in a grove at Dum Dum. Would the Miss Sahiba like to talk with him?'

'Is he holy?'

'I know him not; but he is called a *lat* swami; he should be holy. He has been teaching religion in the Further England [America]; and it is said that he has many disciples in every country.'

So it came to pass that on a day the Truth-Named himself took an English friend of mine and me to a palm grove and bamboo wilderness in the suburbs of Calcutta. We found the *lat* swami dressed in yellow silk robes, sitting beside a bed of white lotuses. His face did not appeal, but we put that aside as prejudice. 'Ask him the big-little questions,' prompted our guide in Hindi. So we asked: 'What is life?' 'What is death?' 'Whence do we come?'

The reply came in pompous English, 'I refer you to my book, which has been well reviewed by the *Daily Mail*. My disciple will explain.' And before our gasp of amazement had spent itself his disciple, an American woman dressed in a saree, appeared from the garden house near by and, falling at the feet of her master, produced his book. We were silent as we walked away.

'So the Miss Sahiba, and the Miss Sahiba's friend, did not like that holy man,' said Bawaji; but there was a smile in his eyes.

'No, we did not.'

'I am glad.'

'But it was you who took us to him.'

'How should I know? Besides, in a garden one must smell every flower. . . . To me it seemeth as if the foolish ones of the Further England have robbed him of his virtue by their praise and admiration. It is the way of foolish ones. . . . Once that swami had excuse for knowledge.'

And we knew we were answered about 'Stopford Brooke.'

II

Swami Vivakananda's visit to the Chicago parliament of religions—about fifty years ago now—was perhaps the beginning of the swami influx into America. Not all who have followed have maintained Vivakananda's reputation. A few weeks ago I was lunching with a friend in a New York hotel, when a stranger accosted us: 'Will you introduce me? I also am a disciple of Vivakananda.' My friend could not very well avoid asking her to join us, and presently I said:—

'I must undeceive you. I am not a disciple of Vivakananda.'

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'Oh, well, neither am I; but of ——, once of Boston.'

'I am not his disciple either.' And then I laughed, 'You *do* let people take you in in America—do you not? —for all your real shrewdness.'

That led to her telling me stories about the man whom she had named, and how his disciples had to request him to leave America. 'And yet—' I began. 'But I have a new Hindu swami now, a real one—"Swami Wriggley," an Englishman who was made a swami by the lamas in Tibet.' It was no use explaining to her that Hindu swamis and Tibetan lamas do not follow the same religion. She spoke with wrapt face—of having learnt for the first time from Swami Wriggley the meaning of true religion. America is so large-minded and hospitable that one is ashamed of those who exploit her credulity with regard to things religious. Poor America has been damned with the label 'material,' just as we have been glorified in the East with the label 'religious.' Maybe the explanation lies in this matter of labels. But labels are never true—are they?—of more than the groups of individuals who originally justified their use. My deduction from observation is that American women are *au fond* deeply religious; and that those who run after swamis and fancy religions are really feeling after something to ease their hearts, not having taken enough time to study what their own country has to offer. It's the way of sick men with nostrums, is it not? 'This or that may cure . . .'

III

There are mahatmas or holy men (and holy women too) in India. I have known two whom I would put beside the saints of mediæval Europe. One of them was Bawaji, the Truth-Named, the other my Mathaji, Wisest-of-the-Wise. Mathaji had spent sixty years meditating in the Himalayas in solitude. Then she came down from the mountains, saying, 'Now I am a little less unfit to do some work.' Both were orthodox Hindus; they spoke no English, and could not have crossed the waters without breaking caste rules. They made no attempt to convert anyone to their faith. 'Nascitur, non fit' is the Hindu doctrine, and they smiled at the advertised converts to Hinduism. Of all such Mathaji said once to me: 'They were born in another faith. In that faith they should have found God. Hinduism is a matter of caste. There is no one who in this life can give them caste.'

About Vivakananda and the Rama Krishna sect, as about Brahma and Arya Samajists, said this woman, whose orthodoxy was regarded as greater than the orthodoxy of the Benares Brahmans: 'Nor are such people Hindus. They write their own prescriptions for right action.' 'But they say that theirs is the true Hinduism, the Hinduism of the Vedas.' To this objection both Bawaji and Mathaji made answer: 'Should we who keep the rules of Hinduism know what is Hinduism, or should they who have forsaken the way in order to make a way for themselves?' At the Pan-Hindu Temple, where sweepers were reported last April as allowed by so-called Hindu priests to officiate in coöperation with Brahmans, they would have laughed. 'It may be a good temple—Gautama Buddha would have liked it. But it is not

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Hindu.' They had no fault to find with those who chose to modernize Hinduism. They simply wished to be explicit in asserting that they were not Hindus.

To me the curious thing was the beauty that these two were able to extract from a religion that they themselves admitted embraced the most degrading practices, together with the breadth of vision of the meticulous observers of a creed that was in essence no more than a book of Leviticus. Perhaps it is the very superabundance of ritual that forces the truly religious to these unfettered flights of meditation, whence they return with such exquisite piety, or to those discussions of the mahatmas who 'sit apart,' whence they extract the self-knowing that is the prelude to God-knowing. They often admitted me, of their kindness, to these discussions, and I learnt reverence for these keepers-of-a-rule, beyond which they had long since progressed, but which, nevertheless, they kept so scrupulously.

'Be self-knowing—God is within; and it is the God within us that seeks to find God,' said Bawaji. 'How does one find God in meditation?' I asked. He had already explained the way of meditation—to sit silent and empty the mind of every thought, to hold it still by imagining a hollowed-out bamboo, and then to travel in thought up and down, up and down that bamboo. One can do this honestly only seconds at a time at first; but when the habit of holding-still is established, one slips off into meditation before one is aware of achievement. 'Then imagine Light and Light and Light—that alone: pulsing, throbbing, everywhere. From the beginning was That and only That: and That was God. But with God exists the power and mercy of God, as closely allied as the fragrance of the rose to the rose. Men talk of one God, as if there could be two gods or three gods. There is just God—the All-pervading, the Essence of Being, the Heart of Beauty, the Great First Flame which lights every flame that leaps into life. . . . Light and Light, the God-spark in everything created. By recognizing this we shall learn to recognize God. There is no other way. Yet the windows of the soul get dimmed, and the flame gives no light. Is that the fault of the flame? Clean the windows of the soul. Such work is allowed to man, such alone; not his to create Light. Light was and is from eternity. One day all the several sparks of Light will go back to the Great Central Light whence they came. The soul will find God. What need to make haste? Every soul must find God at long last. Light will return to Light.'

'Is that Hinduism, Bawaji?' I asked. 'No, that is what the individual soul brings back from meditation. It is what men of any religion may discover for themselves. Hinduism is the observance of caste.'

IV

One day when he had talked on this wise I thanked him for giving me food for thought. He said: 'Huh! Miss Sahiba, that was not yet talk of God. I did but try to make a clearing in the jungle where we might sit down and think.'

'There are three diseases in the world,' he said another day, 'actual sin (breaking the rule of your re-

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ligion), to be cured by good works; restlessness, to be cured by meditation; and joylessness, to be cured by making occasion to give joy to others. The mark of a true religion is joy.'

'Then you do believe in the efficacy of good works?"

'Good works,' he answered, 'are fetters—fetters of gold, but still fetters.'

It was Mathaji who talked of life and death. 'Life is a dream in the heart of a dream.'

'And death?'

'To-morrow's dream—the next-door house. God has given me a lease of this house of the body in which I live, but the lease is undated. . . . There will be other houses.'

The things Hindu women say, all unconscious of their beauty—even ordinary Hindu women, not the holy ones alone!

'May the shadow of the thought of God that is in my heart fall upon you and give you peace!' was a blessing that an old Hindu widow friend would often give me, standing at the sunset hour wrapped about in her yellow silk shawl of prayer, bathed in light. Yet—in the time of trouble this beauty and peace seem to fall away from them. Conventional Hinduism is too strong a force. They are back at propitiation of every idol, back at the feet of the priests, shielding their defenseless heads against curse and anger and the blood lust of the gods.

The religiously minded Hindu has indeed much to offer the world: the ability to keep a rule; the habit of meditation; the real interest, born in the Eastern, it would seem, in things of the spirit as opposed to things temporal; the simple faith that scorns explanation and that has its dangers, but that has, as one has seen, also its great rewards. It takes one's breath away to imagine what might ensue upon the meeting of East and West, what might ensue if these Eastern impulses were swept into the religious consciousness of the West, into the Christian Church.

The West has its gifts for the East also. Is it not, indeed, reciprocity, the interchange of characteristics, the sharing of what is ours as a nation or people that some day will produce the perfect gift that man offers to the Eternal? Saddhu Sundar Singh told me that when he became a Christian he used his habit of meditation for all the needs of soul and body; and that, whereas his former meditations were but a trance, from his meditations as a Christian he brought back the most marvelous visions for his own spiritual guidance, and for the service of his fellow men. Hinduism would seem to need something more than personal human effort—personal human beauty for the attainment of the highest.

V

Mathaji and Bawaji, my two mahatma friends, were as perfect as human beings could be; but the belief in curses—and in the power of the curse—still held them. It was in their blood. Mathaji, to my knowledge, used her power to curse most effectually—with a twinkle in her eye, I doubt not. But the cursed one did not see the twinkle.

Both of these truly holy Hindu spiritual leaders were conscious of the unspeakable things done in the name of their religion. It was of them I learnt about the practices of Tantric

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Hindus, and of undisguised wickednesses committed or commanded by practising Hindu priests. But they never lifted a finger to reprove, or to save individuals from priests of whose morals they did not approve. Hinduism was not a question of ethics, but of keeping caste rules. Evil as well as good proceeds from God; and morals equally with social service represented God's business, not theirs. We were children, ruled by 'karma,' by what we had earned. Why fuss or fret?

The one particular as to which they allowed themselves latitude in the service of others was the matter of discussion of the 'big-little' things, of abstract questions, of reaching out to God through meditation. Mathaji and Bawaji were saints in spite of their religion. If such as these could come to America and England, or could share their thoughts with the West, the Western woman's interest in Hinduism would find reward. But such as these do not cross the waters, and do not speak the English language.

The Reformed Hindus who have written books for the West have translated the *Bhagavad-gita* and other beautiful thoughts from the ancient writings; and the world is the better for these. But a great deal of the literature prepared by swamis who visit America is of the nature of the Indian curios that were at one time made in Europe and sold to tourists in India. I have seen pictures of Romeo and Juliet in the balcony scene labeled 'Radha-Krishna' (the flirty god, with one of his ladies) and sold at Kalighat to the Western visitor. In his *History of the English People*, Green says of Milton's *Paradise Regained* that 'Adam and Eve entered Paradise via England.' These swamis enter Hinduism via America. They tell Americans what they would like to hear, and prepare books for their women disciples peppered with 'karma,' 'the pranic fluid,' 'reincarnation,' 'Yoga,' etc.—all which make the readers of these books feel learned and esoteric.

The swamis do not tell them that the orthodox Hindu believes that his karma may earn him rebirth as, say, a flea. It never worries the Hindu, because he believes that he has millions and millions of lives, and during any one life all memory of the past is lost, as are all possibilities of the future. There, I think, the system fails. It has no practical value. If you remembered when you were a flea that you had fallen so low because you were a bad man during your last chance as a man, the scheme would at least have some deterrent and moral value; it would help you to be a good flea, so that you might climb up again.

But you do not remember. And when American women talk yearningly of the beauty of the reincarnation theory I appreciate the malady of a Lepcha (Darjeeling hillman) cook I once had. He could not be left alone in the kitchen when night fell because he saw the ghosts of all the things the Miss Sahiba had eaten walking in procession round the room. It might, of course, be a new diversion to let your imagination run riot about your undesirable acquaintances and picture their procession of rebirths according to your judgment of their deserts—walking, flying, hopping round the room at any given moment. But, since you would be taking the like chances yourself, adoption of Hin-

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duism because of its reincarnation theory would not seem good enough.

VI

One word must be said about the Rama Krishna *muth* (monastery) at Belur, near Calcutta. A charming American lady whom we all love has built herself a house in the grounds, and visits the *muth* almost yearly. She calls herself both a Hindu disciple of Rama Krishna and Vivakananda and a Christian. There are other Westerners—English, Australian, etc. —who do the like. Miss Noble (Sister Nivedita), an English woman, used to lie prostrate before the image of Kali on Christmas Eve and then say to the monks: 'Now let us go into the fields equipped with crooks and read the story of the shepherds of Bethlehem.' In her room were Tanagra statues of the Virgin and Jesus Christ, side by side with images of Kali and Ganesh and other Hindu deities. Theosophy would seem to be based on such associations. Was not Krishna Murthi advertised as the reincarnation of Christ and Krishna and Buddha, who stood each of them for such different and opposing ideals? The Hindu-Christian individuals I have known have stoutly refused to examine things for themselves. That would explain their incongruous loyalties.

At Belur the resident American lady had never visited, she tells me, the temples and Monks' Chapel. Yet these are veritable Hindu imitations, differing in this alone—that in the Vivakananda and Rama Krishna temples, for instance, the idols are represented by photographs, not images, of these Hindu leaders. Go to 'vespers,' as they call the evening service at Belur, in the Monks' Chapel, up the flight of stone steps over the old refectory. You will see what your guide describes as a 'high altar'—a golden canopy over three gilded chairs, against the backs of which chairs stand three unframed photographs of Rama Krishna, Mrs. Rama Krishna, and Vivakananda. At the feet of the Rama Krishna 'throne' sit his sandals in a badly made glass-topped box.

Vespers begins with Gregorian chanting from the choir sitting on the veranda. Then a yellow-robed monk —a genuinely beautiful figure, though dressed like a Buddhist, not a Hindu— incenses the three photographs, the sandals of Rama Krishna, and the congregation, offering the *arati* (borrowed from orthodox Hinduism), the ceremony of the five-fingered lighted wicks in the tall brass stands, to the 'Holy Trinity.' Vespers ends with a procession to Rama Krishna's bedroom next door. Rama Krishna's photograph is put to sleep in a huge old-fashioned English four-poster, with long bolsters either side—'to keep him from falling out of bed,' as a monk explained to me. In the bedroom are massive wardrobes containing loin cloths for Rama Krishna. Poor Rama Krishna, who in life possessed, I am told, only one loin cloth, which faithful women disciples washed when they carried him down to the Ganges for his daily bath!

The monks work in their vegetable garden, and the mission as a whole is responsible for commendable welfare work—activities alien to Hinduism borrowed from the West. This last is all to the good. But people of Hindu origin, unless they bravely cut themselves away from Hinduism in

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name and essence, as in all else, would seem to be held ruthlessly in the dead hand of fear and formalism.

One knows how even individual Brahmos—theists who have really renounced Hindu ritual—revert to Hinduism in times of difficulty. It is courage to face gods and demons that is lacking; and are not those of us who have not been born into the like thraldom losing our chance of helping when we accept the Westernization of an ancient religion without examining for ourselves its implications? I was lately at the Vedantic centre in Boston, where the swami in charge, dressed as an English cleric, served an 'altar' on which were Easter lilies, and at the foot of which burned a red light in a tall brass Hindu property. His helpers are 'consecrated women'—Western women; those at the Los Angeles centre dress like nuns. One of them lectures on Hinduism. She told me she had spent three months in India!

There is no reason why people should not study Hinduism for themselves without the aid of pseudo-swamis. There are books and translations enough, made by scholars; and the practice of meditation, of going into the silence, cannot fail to help us all. Any beautiful thought may be used for the practice of Yoga as understood by my two old friends; and the posture of the body was, in their opinion, immaterial. I have seen a Western woman bend to and fro, saying 'Ram-Ram-Hari-Ram,' hundreds of times at a sitting. 'The foolish deluded one!' said Mathaji. But the deluded one said she was practising Yoga as her *guru* had taught her, and that it was wonderfully uplifting. She did look a little disconcerted, I must say, when asked if she knew that the words she used represented the invocation for the dead chanted by the carriers of the corpse on its way to the burning ghat.

Be not deceived. Whatsoever a woman soweth, that shall she reap. Could we perhaps sow discrimination in this matter of selecting a spiritual guide, East or West? Old Bawaji used to talk of giving our judgment 'a sickness' when we used it in error, or wrongly. That was indeed a 'true word' (*sutch bāt—sahi bāt*)!

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Here are two pieces of evidence that Russian writers and artists have abandoned proletarian propaganda and have returned to their national traditions, but in a manner that indicates the continuing vigor of Soviet institutions.

Creative Art *in* RUSSIA

TWO GERMAN OBSERVERS

I. BRIGHTER ART FOR RUSSIA

By DR. RICHARD LEWINSOHN

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

IN Soviet Russia the answer to every criticism one makes is that a state of war exists with victories and defeats, successes and setbacks, advances and retreats, frontal attacks and flank manœuvres. It is war against capitalism, that imaginary enemy which no longer flourishes in Russia, war against the last sabotaging foes who must be invented if they no longer exist, war against the ever threatening foreign foe. Yesterday it was England; to-day it is Japan; who will it be to-morrow? But it is chiefly war against the old primitiveness and for the conquest of modern technique, war against reality and for an ideal, in other words, for a new reality. All proclamations are couched in military language and war jargon dominates the press. Capable workers who have been assigned difficult tasks are called 'shock brigades.' If they do more work than is called for, they have performed 'shock work.' The completion of a new blast furnace is celebrated as a 'victory on the Ural front.' The opening of a new coal mine is referred to as a 'break-through in the Donets basin.'

The high military command loves to represent economic construction as active warfare. But four years is a long time and the new Five-Year Plan is about to begin new battles for new needs. Although progress is occurring as rapidly as ever on the economic

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general-staff maps, psychologically the situation is becoming like trench warfare. Even the most persevering warriors wish to have a furlough once in a while. Fighting spirit alone is not enough. Relaxation and diversion must also be provided. Even the front must have its theatre. However useful workaday field gray may be, it should be brightened up somewhat. That is the final cause of the cultural-political liberalism that is making its appearance in Russia to-day.

It is no longer considered disgraceful to amuse one's self for an hour or two without any thought of politics. One no longer needs to go to the opera in overalls and dirty boots in order to show that one is a reproachless proletarian. One can even wear white shoes and still be a good party comrade. In a word, it is again permissible to pay attention to one's appearance. The women do this with the most modest means but with evident effort. Even the men look smarter. On the street the Russian blouse is being supplanted increasingly by the jacket. Most people cannot afford two suits of clothes, but they put on the best that they have when they go out. The effect, measured by European standards, is more or less that of a needy petty-bourgeois suburb. However, the contrast with former times is considerable.

II

Not only clothing has changed. Music never completely disappeared from places of entertainment and now it issues from every corner. The smallest public house has a large, good orchestra—a highly immaterial equivalent for its empty bar. And, more important sociologically, people are dancing again, not only secretly in the roof-garden restaurants of foreign hotels but in public dance halls, amusement parks, and workers' clubs. During the first decade after the Revolution social dancing was prohibited as a bourgeois vice. It was considered unnatural, an indication of depravity. Now a Communist tells me laughingly that 'the comrades who used to forbid dancing were old people who no longer cared for it, but we young people want to dance.'

The development of the stage has been similar. The European operas, which were forbidden for a time as an expression of capitalist corruption or at best were permitted only if an element of political caricature were added, have returned in all their glory. American dance operettas are also given. If jazz music is not as widespread as it is in the West, that is only because the necessary band instruments are lacking. The radio also has become lighter and more enjoyable. Motion pictures, which have not yet completely bridged the technical difficulties that lie between the silent and the talking film, are the only form of amusement to hold fast to the political line.

The return to Western forms of entertainment and diversion has not occurred voluntarily. It would certainly have been avoided if any alternative had existed. The abolition of religion succeeded to a surprising degree because the people were offered a new attitude toward life and veneration of political leaders in exchange for religious zeal. But in the long run politics cannot satisfy the instinct of play, and all proletarian propaganda toward this end was in vain. It is openly admitted in Russia to-day

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that a truly proletarian style has not yet been created in the realm either of entertainment or of serious art.

The Russian revolutionary theatrical art, which achieved a world-wide reputation in the first years after the War,—the formal language of Meyerhold and Tairov sprang essentially from prerevolutionary times,—was far too æsthetic and intellectual despite its burlesque dancing and popular elements. Since then millions of men have seen this art in Russia and have even sought to imitate it, but popular taste has not been transformed by it. Impressed by what is new in the Russian theatre, people in the West scarcely realize how much has remained wholly unchanged.

The opera in particular, that favorite diversion of the Russians, has not been touched by the efforts of revolutionary art. In Moscow and Leningrad three opera houses play the old operas in traditional style every evening and the same is true in the big provincial cities. The two most important modern Russian musicians, Stravinski and Prokoviev, live in France as *émigrés*. Musically the new Russia holds fast to the old. Even to-day the bourgeois operas of Tchaikovski's time dominate the repertoire and Bizet's *Carmen* and Gounod's *Faust* are greeted with enthusiasm week after week. In Leningrad Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* is being prepared for production after long public discussion. Attempts to provide a few popular operas with revolutionary librettos have not been greeted with approval by the public. Even the classic Russian drama has been maintained with a reverence that is reminiscent of the Parisian *Comédie française*. The artistic event that opened the present season was a centenary celebration of the classical Alexander Theatre in Leningrad.

III

The ballet, that specifically Russian form of art, is thoroughly permeated by tradition. The word 'bourgeois' would be revolutionary blasphemy here. The big, full-length ballets that are given two or three times a week in all Russian opera houses are court art such as cannot be found in such perfection anywhere else in the world. They have as little to do with 'cultural Bolshevism' as the Kroll Opera in Berlin or the ballet presentations of William II's time. What is being offered in Moscow is Parisian grand opera at its height—magnificent display and perfect technique, all covered with the dust of ages. The venerable grace and brilliance of bygone days are enjoyed as thoroughly by a wholly proletarian public as by the court society that used to sit in the Tsar's box. Ecstatic delight and storms of applause greet Semenova, the *prima ballerina* of the Moscow Opera, when she appears, like a picture by Degas, surrounded by a hundred toe dancers clad in starched gauze, does her dainty steps, and blows kisses to the audience. The gentlemen from the Kremlin do not hesitate to sanction this bygone magnificence by their presence. Stalin himself often enjoys these spectacles and claps his approval as loudly as the workers about him. For he knows that the conception of artistic revolution is merely a figure of speech which, for the present at least, does not need to keep pace with the political revolution.

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Stalin gave the word that Moscow art circles are now timidly whispering: 'The proletariat craves ornamentation.' From this opinion arose the famous 'decoration decree' that for the last year has enjoined the authorities to make public places, railway stations, and recreation centres look more attractive by means of flowering plants and decorations. This edict has been eagerly carried out in a decidedly bourgeois manner. The experimental era in street architecture is past. As in the West, the cubist-futurist style has persisted only on posters. In monumental art it vanished shortly after the civil-war period and was replaced by conventional naturalism or tame stylization. Recently Lenin's classical motive has reappeared and some wholly traditional buildings have been erected.

In the new industrial cities, where the architects have had a free hand in every respect, they have stuck to the 'new realism' and solved their problems in a bold, imposing manner, as at Kharkov. When it has been a question of remodeling old buildings, as when the Moscow Kremlin was done over, they have proceeded very cautiously, preferring to be conventional rather than to destroy historic forms.

Many foreign artists who came to Russia in the hope of being able to work in complete freedom from the limitations of tradition have been bitterly disappointed. One of the best-known modern German architects, who has been working in Russia for several months, frankly expressed to me his dissatisfaction at the Government's conservative attitude toward art. The pendulum has swung so far in this direction that scarcely any latitude is now allowed to new ideas.

One must not infer from these undeniable tendencies that Russia is on the way to becoming a sentimental old Rothenburg-ob-der-Tauber. The desire exists to begin where Western countries have left off. But the development of a new taste requires laborious educational work with which the masses cannot now be burdened on top of everything else. The art pedagogy with which overzealous Marxian schoolmasters try to teach the masses to know and at the same time disdain the work of former periods has only a comic effect to-day. The same is true of a typical modern picture gallery in Moscow, the Shchukin Collection, where every room contains a placard that lists the pictures of each decade according to economic history. It reads like this: Renoir, the period of the industrial bourgeoisie; Cézanne, the period of intense industrialization; Van Gogh, the first, petty-bourgeois stage of imperialism; Matisse, the period of fully developed imperialism, of the *rentier*.

Some command from above had to put an end to the pedantic follies of zealous Bolshevist culture officials, who were also interfering in the realm of literature. That command was given this year. Now more fresh air is being let in, since such a step has become politically safe and since it is realized that men deserve rest after labor and that you cannot make people over in a day. For the first few years after the Revolution the cultural slogan was, 'Whatever is fitting is permitted,' and true proletarians considered very little to be fitting that the proletariat could enjoy. To-day the cultural slogan is: 'Whatever gives pleasure is permitted.'

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II. Russia's Literary Renaissance

By Hans E. Friedrich

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

Is COLLECTIVE the antithesis of personal? We keep encountering this contrast in Soviet literature. It is false. The antithesis of personal is objective, the antithesis of collective is individual.

During the first epoch after the Revolution, Russian literary critics devoted most of their attention to contrasting the personal with the objective. They set great store by collectivism as compared with personal problems, which were dismissed as unimportant whenever they threatened the collective principle. Nobody recognized that many personal problems contain a predominating element of objective precision and objective knowledge in which real collectivism finds its spiritual birth and even its justification. But collectivism was thoughtlessly exalted as a grand and noble business, although it often amounted to nothing but dilettantism and disguised individualism. For this kind of literature deified the collective individual instead of the pure individual of prerevolutionary literature, who had been pronounced dead a thousand times over.

The reaction to this nonsensical lack of objectivity could not be restrained. Personal problems are now receiving more and more attention in the collective scheme of things. The change was sharp and made itself felt even in the attitude toward bourgeois world literature. During the period of impersonal dogmatism everything that did not pertain to revolutionary doctrine received scant respect, or even contempt and scorn, but now all the big Russian publishing houses are drawing upon the spiritual riches of the rest of the world for the benefit of Russia.

And this is important. In politics and economics, throughout all Russian life, Bolshevist doctrine is losing its influence on the Russian people and now literature treats national and historical themes more and more frequently. This process has involved a return to tradition, not in the reactionary sense but in the sense of strengthening the new literary renaissance.

French literature overshadows all other literatures in modern Russia, owing largely to the fact that French writers have always been better known. But there is also an intellectual reason for their preëminence at the present time. Rationalism dominates Russia's intellectual life to-day, and every effort is being made to assimilate the rationalistic literature of the world. An essay by W. Polonski in *Novi Mir* of January 1931 included the following passage: 'Modern man is primarily a rationalist. His rationalism rises from his realism. He is also a dialectical materialist.'

The criterion is 'dialectical materialism.' The problem is for us 'to assimilate cultural events as a whole and then apply this knowledge to our own creative activity.' The distinction between the criterion and the task was formulated in the above words by O. Gorbov, who explains why rationalism stems from France. In

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1789 France took a similar path of conscious revolutionary rationalism, though for different reasons. We therefore find that the works of the following French authors have been or are about to be published in Russia, either in whole or in part: Rabelais, Voltaire, Balzac, Flaubert, Hugo, Sand, Fromentin, Beaumarchais, Stendhal, Maupassant, Dumas, Rolland, Régnier, Romains, Gide, and Proust. It is significant that the list does not include any of the classical French writers whereas the social critics and the realistic, rational prose writers are being translated prodigiously.

II

The quota of German and English writers who are being translated is much smaller. Except for Shakespeare and Goethe only a few of them have appeared and they have not been well chosen—Schiller, Kleist, Hoffmann, Heine, Novalis, Keller's *Green Henry*, early plays by Hauptmann, Hölderlin's *Empedocles*. Lessing, Brentano, Eichendorff, and Büchner have not been translated nor has any modern German literature. This is not surprising when we remember that almost the only names of contemporary German writers that we see in the Russian newspaper are those of Glaeser and Renn, both members of the Communist Party but not thoroughly representative, whereas Carossa, Binding, Hesse, and Mann are never mentioned.

Even fewer English books seem to be translated into Russian. Except for Shakespeare, one hears only of Swift, Sheridan, and Defoe. And, finally, the list of world classics is limited to the following: *The Thousand and One Nights*, Catullus, Aristophanes, Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*, *Don Quixote*, Benvenuto Cellini, *The Decameron*, and *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Along with these foreign books, various Russian classics have been reprinted in recent years—Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Chekhov, Nekrasov, Dobrolyubov. But two men only stand in the front rank—Tolstoi, whose complete works are being published in ninety volumes, seven or eight of which have now appeared, and Dostoievski, whose works are appearing in a complete edition of sixteen volumes. These two men are playing an exceptional, dominating, and characteristic rôle in the development of Soviet literature.

The new Russian literary scholars are so fond of creating systems that they have erected vertical and horizontal, human and historical categories. Thus they arrive at various distinctions, the most illuminating being that between Tolstoi and Dostoievski.

Dostoievski is exerting a growing influence on Russian writers. His plots are being adapted to the drama and to the screen. *The Injured and Insulted* was put on the stage in May 1932, and *The House of the Dead* appeared in the films last January. The period of war communism, when *belles lettres* scarcely existed at all, was followed by a period that witnessed a great rise in Tolstoi's influence, but during the next period Dostoievski made greater progress. Not only do the 'fellow travelers' now understand the real Dostoievski, that is, his personal realism, but the so-called proletarian writers have grasped his meaning, too. Literature recognizes more and more clearly that the reality

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of any given thing or task can be portrayed in a more elementary fashion by personal representation than by the description of certain events, especially if those events move in a predetermined direction, as was the case in Leonov's *Construction*.

In an essay on Tolstoi and Dostoievski that appeared in the *Moskauer Rundschau* for November 1930 Gorbov compared the two writers. He regarded Tolstoi as a mighty, unconscious materialist, the 'prophet of the flesh,' who gained his effects through his deep feeling for nature and his contradictory, cyclical shifts from objectivity to sentimentality, from the physical to the ethical. He was worth studying for his materialism and thus had a strong, direct influence on proletarian writers. Dostoievski, on the other hand, was the 'prophet of the spirit.' His eye was directed inward. He separated himself from collective society and concentrated on his own soul. His urbanism, his wildly dynamic ideas, the essential element of protest in his characters influenced only his immediate contemporaries. To-day, however, people recognize that a synthesis of both men can bring into being a synthetic socialist culture. This contrast closes with the following sentence: 'The penetration of Dostoievski's writing, his dialectical "materializing," must be applied to the problem of our day. For only Dostoievski can help us solve the next creative problem. Only he can help us to discover how new personality is born in man. Here Tolstoi is of no use.'

'The birth of personality'—these words are a veiled renunciation of the empty concepts of the first literary epoch, which merely set up new idols to worship. The vital moment for a new turn has arrived. The empty word 'collective' meant nothing but vain worship of dogmatism. It stood for a human type that was supposed to personify this idea and disregarded the fact that exceptions to that type actually existed. But now the Russian writer has emerged from the blind alley of dogmatism. New books prove it, Panferov's *Bruski* and Pilniak's *The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea*. Besimenski, in his poem, *Komsomols*, depicting Communist youth, describes the path to personality as follows: 'Every he a new I, an I sooner or later.'

III

Since 1922, when war communism came to an end, there have been two literary periods, one dominated by Tolstoi, the other by Dostoievski. During the first period living literature consisted of popular revolutionary poetry in which the impulse of the moment was revealed. But war communism suffered a literary defeat in the five years of the Nep, from 1922 to 1927. The period between 1927 and 1932 is now known as 'the epoch of reconstruction.' It has expressed itself in the foundation of a special committee to protect monuments and to maintain and restore surviving works of art, including Russian churches, in Moscow, Kiev, Novgorod, Smolensk, and so on. Furthermore, the Rapp, an organization of proletarian writers who were manœuvring themselves into growing hostility to the 'fellow travelers,' were dissolved this year by a decree of the Central Executive Committee and they have now been replaced by another organization of writers who

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are merely Communist sympathizers.

The division of Soviet literature into three five-year periods has been interpreted in many ways. Levidov has called them the five years of birth, the five years of fulfillment, and the five years of search.

During the five years of birth, revolutionary struggle made it impossible for the writer to work in peace, and material misery left him unpaid. It was five years of enthusiastic destruction, during which no restraint was shown until the eleventh hour. It was a period of anarchistic protest against the new dictatorship, a period of inner and outer counter-revolution. Levidov characterizes the literature of this period as having arisen 'in the masses and for the masses.' 'The satiric, extemporaneous joke, the revolutionary battle song, the theatrical performance in the presence of unnumbered multitudes' —these were its products.

'The five years of fulfillment' is not perhaps the best possible description of the next period. Literature 'had its origin in blood, in the pathos of the revolution.' But it also had its origin in dogmatism, in a pathetic coldness, in the airless confines of a single doctrine. Tarasov-Rodionov's novel describing the February and October revolutions is significant in this respect, and most books written during the second five-year period took the revolutionary struggle as their theme. Cold-blooded reporting, unhealthy enthusiasm for struggle, various forms of arrogant, childish diction, a lack of real thought, failure to present real problems—all these things showed how barren this literary conception was. Literature during this period was not grandiose and passionate but doctrinaire and schematized. Although he uses the flattering word, 'fulfillment,' Levidov himself says, 'The Revolution triumphed during the civil war, but to what purpose? What way lay open to it? The proletarian writers were able to answer this question theoretically with a social formula but they showed themselves incapable of formulating their reply in artistic creative forms.' Assistance was therefore sought from 'fellow travelers' who wanted to see things 'from the inside outward.'

Search for this assistance is the hallmark of the third five-year period. It means a return to personality—not to individualism, but to the recognition that personality characterizes the life of man for better or worse. These five years belong to Dostoievski and in them tradition bore fruit. Briefly, it was a period of search for content. Levidov believes that the attention writers now pay to industrial labor and agricultural life is a significant symptom. This is just. We find no fanfares, no schoolmaster's dogma in Panferov, Pilniak, Ivanov, not even in Leonov's *Construction*. Instead there is contact with reality, search for the necessary synthesis between man and labor.

IV

This synthesis will perhaps be attained during a fourth five-year period, a sort of five-year plan for the intellect. These four periods will then be designated as the period of action, the period of assessing the objective task, the period of assessing the personality, and the period of synthesis between object and personality.

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Another interpretation of the development of Soviet literature has been offered by W. Polonski, who is responsible for the following thesis: 'In the first place, we have no literature *about* workers and peasants, but a literature *of* workers and peasants, the product of their own labor, taking their own attitude as workers and peasants as its point of departure. Secondly, public affairs are personal affairs, and whatever is personal is public. Thirdly, modern man accepts art only in so far as it serves the struggle for life.'

The first thesis refers to the new social alignment, which is also having its effect on politics. It is not the first time that such a break has occurred in world literature. It happened with similar violence and similar results during the French Revolution. The second thesis refers to liberal rationalism similar to that of Rousseau, who also identified the individual with the *respublica*. It is an interesting side light that the ideological roots of this rationalism reach back to the liberalism of the French Revolution. The third thesis refers to the necessity of realism, which must overcome dogmatism.

During the present phase of Soviet literature only the 'fellow travelers' will worry about 'humanity.' But there are signs that all Russia will ultimately return to a humanistic viewpoint, though not immediately, for the working class still reacts violently to any preaching in the name of humanity and regards it as treason. For the time being, 'the muses who sing hymns against hatred and against the will to struggle must keep silent.' But, 'the working masses will return to these songs, though at another time.' In this rather cool belief in a future humanistic attitude we find the same symptom of increasing recognition of the significance of the personality that we discover in Dostoievski's new popularity.

When we say that there are signs of a return to personality in Russian literature we do not mean that the reaction is in any sense political. On the contrary, the revolt against dogmatism merely shows that the new sociological alignment is now so extensive that people can return to the realities of life, including personality. The dogmatic diet is over and normal intellectual food can again be taken.

This observation is of great assistance toward any proper understanding of present conditions, provided we always bear in mind that we are witnessing an historical event as distinguished from the experiment of a single party. For the development of literature reflects this event, and Soviet Russia can no longer be regarded as merely a Bolshevist experiment. It must now be related to world history as a whole.

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A German visitor to Moscow describes an interview with a nine-year-old girl Communist and another German in Constantinople shows that there too youth is getting itself into the saddle.

A Pair *of* Street Scenes

TWO GERMAN CORRESPONDENTS

I. MOSCOW TOMBOY

By LEO LANIA

Translated from *Das Tage-Buch*, Munich Radical Weekly

'THIS is the best view you can get of Moscow, is n't it?' she said.

'What is your name?' I inquired.

'Shura. It's a Russian name. I was born in Moscow but I speak German at home with my parents. You need to know a lot of languages, don't you? Next year I'll learn English. English is important.'

'How old are you, Shura?'

'Ten.' She paused a moment, looking a little ashamed of herself. 'No, not quite, not until December.' Then, with great assurance, 'But I already belong to the Pioneers.'

'Indeed. Then you will soon join the Young Communist League.'

Shura did not like my joke, and earnestly informed me, 'That takes a long time. It is not so easy. To become a *Komsomoletz*, a member of the Young Communist League, you have to be sixteen years old.'

'What do you want to be, Shura?'

'I want to work in a factory.' She spoke with decision, so that nobody could doubt her determination. 'Have you seen our new ball-bearings factory? Fine, is n't it? The new American machines are already working in the big room. We are ahead of the plan. After September we shall have our own machines, and then we shall not have to buy any more expensive American machines. See, over there to the right of the radio station? That's the factory.'

'How do you happen to know all

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this so well? Did you learn it in school?'

'In school? Pooh. I went there and saw it with my own eyes.' And then she added, very proudly, 'I was also in Amo and Electrosavod and in the clock factory. I've been everywhere.'

'Is this part of your school work? Does your teacher take you?'

'What do we need a teacher for? We Pioneers go alone in our free afternoons.'

'Do you have to arrange your visits beforehand?'

'The shop council takes care of that. To-morrow we visit the Biochemical.'

'What's that?'

'An institute.'

'Do you know what biochemistry is?'

'No, the professor will tell us that when we get there.'

'And why are you going to this institute?'

'Well, because we went to see *Fear* last week. It is a good play. I have seen it twice. Stanislavski is giving it at the Art Theatre. Go see it.'

'I've seen it. A very interesting play, really. But did you understand it all?'

'What is there that's hard to understand?' This very contemptuously.

'Why, everything. The whole story about the professor and his position in the party. The problem . . .' I became unsure of myself. How was I to explain it to this child? 'The problem . . .'

'Professors have no proletarian class consciousness,' Shura stated emphatically, 'because they have never worked in a factory. One of them, the father of the little girl in the play, is an open counter-revolutionary. He never was a worker and got himself into the party under false pretenses. I pity the little girl. It is unfair that he was not put in jail. He betrayed the working class yet he was allowed to go free.' Then, after a few seconds of concentrated thought, she added, 'And in the theatre, too.' The last words were spoken with all the contempt that a grown-up might express for a frivolous play.

But the next minute Shura became a nine-year-old child again. She pointed to some pretty flowers and asked me to explain why green grass was growing in one field and not in another and what kind of bird that was sitting on the telegraph wire,—for it was a pretty bird, was n't it?—and where its nest was, and how old the bird was, and why it did n't sing, or whether it could n't sing. I thoroughly enjoyed this stream of questions, and consoled myself that Shura was not beyond redemption as she kept running around back and forth looking for flowers and running races with a little dog. But my relief did not last long, for suddenly the child stopped and regarded the whole countryside and sky with a sweeping gaze. 'A beautiful day.' She spoke perfectly seriously, with objective conviction. 'Now I must go home.'

'Lessons, I suppose. Have you got much home work?'

'Not much, but to-morrow I must make an address on Lenin.'

'An address? What ever are you going to say?'

Shura looked at me distrustfully out of the corner of her eye. Was I making fun of her? Then she replied, rather reluctantly. 'Nothing that you would n't know.' Then, more confidently, 'I am going to speak about Trotskiism.' I did not dare to ask what

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little Shura understood by Trotskiism, so I changed the subject.

'Have you ever been to Germany?'

'No, but when there is communism in Germany I shall certainly go there. After the revolution. When are you going to have your revolution in Germany?' The final question was asked in a contemptuous tone.

'I don't know. Perhaps there won't be one.'

'No revolution?' She sounded almost like somebody in Berlin.

'Certainly it will come, but perhaps it will be a long time in coming,' I replied defensively.

'I know. We Communists are having a hard time in Germany on account of Fascism and the police. I hate the police.'

I broke off our political conversation. 'What about school? How many hours a day do you spend there?'

My interest flattered Shura and she began to speak with great volubility. 'Four hours a day. But almost every day we are taken to museums. I like to go to museums, don't you? In Moscow we have beautiful museums. Have you been in the Tretyakov Gallery yet? I like the picture of the Cossacks best. They used to live where Dnieprostroi now is, but of course that was many centuries ago.'

'And in the afternoon you visit factories and then write out your home work and prepare addresses?'

'Not every day.'

'And the evenings?'

'In the evening I have Pioneer duty from seven to nine.'

'What does that mean?'

'Different things. This month we are inspecting the housing in our quarter. We are making sure that all servant girls go to night school and learn their lessons properly and we see how far they have got along in reading and writing. Last month we undertook a campaign against alcohol.'

'How did you do that?'

'Quite simple. We know which workers drink too much. We went to see them in the evening when they were at home and we talked to them and explained to them that they would soon die if they drank so much vodka and that drunkenness is unproletarian. We wrote letters to many of them.'

I felt that I was not making a very intelligent impression, so I tried to conceal my confusion behind a superior smile. 'And have n't you ever been thrown out of factories or houses? Have n't you ever been beaten up?'

Shura stared at me with wide eyes for several seconds and her gaze was so uncomprehending that I was perplexed. 'Thrown out? But in that case we'd simply write a letter about it to the *Pravda*.'

II. Death in Constantinople

By Richard Hülsenbeck

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

As I was traveling to Constantinople on the great overland express that cuts the Balkan Peninsula clean in two, ending its journey at Yedi Kuléh outside the city wall, I made a man's acquaintance. He was a dark,

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ruddy, healthy fellow, like so many Turks, and had been commandant of Constantinople during the War, when he had won the high opinion of the German army. Lately stomach trouble had converted him to vegetarianism.

I spent three days wandering about Constantinople and everywhere I saw people who looked like my commandant, fat, ruddy, dark-haired, and cheerful. Yesterday I visited the Emin Pasha Restaurant and I had only to raise my eye from my plate to see the commandant sitting about me in many forms. Even the young men looked like him, except that their faces were even more noticeably ruddy. But they will outgrow that, and they were all extremely polite. I cannot speak Turkish and was guided for over half an hour by two boy shoeblacks to the Emin Pasha, which I found in the shadow of a crumbling mosque. They did not want a penny by way of tip and in order not to put their pride to too great a test I stuck some money in their pockets.

As I have said, the Turks are polite. I could not tell the waiter what I wanted to eat, although he held the bill of fare inquiringly under my nose. It of course smelt of lamb, and I said 'lamb' in four, five, six languages—'Lamb,' 'Lamb,' 'Lamb,' and so on—but the good fellow with the white apron did not understand me. Finally, he took me by the arm and led me into the kitchen. I was to choose. I pointed to a pot. It smelt like lamb, it tasted like lamb, but I was not quite sure. Why did a waiter who could not understand his guest take him into the kitchen and let him make his choice there? I quit the Emin Pasha forthwith and walked over to the nearby mosque, where I realized that Constantinople has been a deserted city for a long time. The gold on the Sultan Suleiman Mosque is crumbling away and only a few people wash their feet at the entrance. There was a strange stillness about the place, only occasionally broken by an automobile horn.

Constantinople is an extraordinary mixture of noise and silence. The silence of past centuries still permeates modern life. The sultans and pashas and emirs used to tread lightly. Nobody dared to get excited, and in the old days anyone who laughed had his head cut off. To-day the old castles, the Golden Gate, and the Seraglio are still standing. The garden still exists behind whose thick walls princes and princesses used to go walking under peacock fans. In the courtyard of the Seraglio there is a plane tree where thousands of people were put to death without the least commotion.

But just at present a children's festival is taking place in Constantinople and nobody is thinking of the ghostlike figures of the past. Boys and girls fill the city with din. They go to visit the mayor in a long procession of automobiles and a boy wearing a white, open collar holds his cap in his hand and says in confident tones, 'In the name of the youth of Constantinople, I have the honor to greet you . . .' The mature employees and officials listen to the schoolboy's speech with silence and evident pride. Their faces announce to the visitor, 'The old Turkey is dead. Now the schoolboys have the say, and the schoolboys are simply a symbol of the future.'

Journalists write down every word of the speech that the schoolboy has learned by heart. To-morrow it will

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all be printed in the newspapers, and the old gentlemen who sit about in innumerable cafés, smoking water pipes and playing lotto, thus making themselves feel that they are perpetuating the old culture of the pashas, will discover that there are no backward paths on the road of civilization.

The streets are lined with spectators who want to see the children parade, and I notice a few dozen older women beside an earthen wall, evidently mothers, all of whom date back to the time when to be a woman meant that one's doom was sealed. All of them had once sat behind the wooden lattices of the harem, and now they are rather astonished to have discovered so quickly that human beings can mould their own destinies. They now believe that you make your own bed and lie in it. These mothers belong to the caste of Turkish women who have won their freedom. They show their pleasure chiefly in the pride they take in their children, who now are masters of the city, traveling in garlanded automobiles and making speeches to the mayor. But there are other women, likewise convinced of their equality, who are decked out with the latest Parisian refinements, with red lips, white fur, and snakeskin shoes. The breeze from the Sea of Marmora, the same wind that is withering the gold on the towers of the Bayezid Mosque, presses their clothes against their bodies, making them look like the most elegant mannequins in Worth's establishment. Do they remember the wooden lattices of the harem that still remain in some of the houses like forgotten pieces of jig-saw work?

There is something ancient about Constantinople, something utterly new, and nothing transitional. Though the Turks believe that old things are quite dead the old times still live a little. The women's chambers in the Sultan's palace were abandoned ten years ago, yet one still seems to hear the footsteps of the odalisques and the quarreling of the eunuchs, though the sound of footsteps comes from the museum guards and the quarreling is the noise in the street. Ghosts of the past still exist; you hear them breathing and feel as if they were about to materialize.

II

When I visited the Mosque of Saint Sophia a group of English-speaking foreigners had just arrived. They had eaten a good lunch in the Hotel Tokatlian and were now taking culture for dessert. The hotel keeper had given them a guide who had packed them into three automobiles and taken them to the Saint Sophia Mosque. The foreigners were standing about, not quite knowing how to behave. It would have been most unjust to have laughed at them, for they were wonderfully happy. Their faces gleamed and they were willing to believe anything. Their guide could have denied that the sky was blue and the foreigners would still have worn trusting expressions.

Here in Constantinople almost every stone has a history. There is hardly a street corner that has not witnessed some historic event. There is hardly a tree under which some janizaries did not rise up in revolt or have their heads chopped off. The few places in which nothing can be proved to have happened have been lavishly endowed by foreign rulers. The German Kaiser had a well pre-

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served at a certain spot and the guides do not forget to mention the fact. But there is something else they omit which is much more important. Here in Constantinople the typewriter plays an especially important rôle. The law courts are near Saint Sophia and in front of them sit a dozen owners of typewriters under great market parasols, offering their services. If anyone on his way to court wants to have something copied he can have it done at once by the public typists.

Although the Turks have become very modern and want to eliminate everything unmodern from their history and their memory, many things occur here in the light of day that ought to happen behind closed doors. I, for instance, saw a man die in the public street, for people in Constantinople do not yet know that one is supposed to die in a hospital. In spite of the sun, the street, and Saint Sophia; in spite of the vegetable stands, the fish market, and the priests with their yellow turbans swearing loyalty to the old times; in spite of the hubbub of the stock exchange and the creaking of street-car brakes and the sound of automobile horns announcing the new era, many Turks still say that death is a matter of destiny and has nothing to do with doctors. If God wills it, death may descend in the street or anywhere else and one merely keeps silent and hastily passes it by.

Close to a typist who was copying out a long document, surrounded by street noises, a man fell motionless to the ground. The English-speaking foreigners at once filed over and stood about with shocked expressions. You could read on their faces, 'Where is the nearest ambulance?' But the typist quietly finished his sentence, got up, and mixed with the crowd that was standing around looking at the fallen figure, who made no sound. 'He is dead,' said a tall American. 'Dead as a doornail,' I reflected.

Coming nearer I looked at the dead man's face and was reminded of something—I could not quite tell what. It was on the tip of my tongue, but I could not say it. It had something to do with my trip and yet it was something more than the trip, something emotional, a moment of friendship and cordial relationship. I then recognized that the dead man was the person whom I had met on the overland express. It was the same black-haired, cheerful, ruddy, attractive man who had told me so many nice things about this country, in whose gentle, penetrating voice there was an echo of the civilized power of the new Turkey. This man had lived when the sultans thought nothing of hanging a vizier before breakfast, and yet he was completely modern and he accepted modernity as something inevitable, something cheerful, though there was an element of melancholy in his accent. It was my vegetarian who had met his fate here. 'He ought to be pulled into the shade and given some cold water to drink,' said one of the foreigners, but I walked slowly over to the harbor, where the steamboat sirens were dully booming. The sun shone over Galata. It was a remarkably beautiful day.

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BOOKS ABROAD

LES BIEN-AIMÉES. *By Jérôme and Jean Tharaud. Paris: Plon. 1932.*

(Edmond Jaloux in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

IT IS a great pleasure for a critic to be able to praise a book that he really likes without surrendering any of his intelligence. All too frequently he has to show a considered esteem for some novel or other which contains certain qualities that he knows he ought to praise. On other occasions the best that he can get excited about are signs of promise that need encouragement if they are to develop and perhaps bring forth a fine book some day. But before I discuss the merits of *The Well-Beloved*, and in order to make my readers understand them better, I must first tell what the book is about. And its subject is a subtle one that is difficult to comment upon.

The Messrs. Tharaud begin by describing the unusual adolescence of a Versailles boy called Adrien whose parents augmented their income and filled their oversized apartment by taking as a lodger some foreign girl who had come to France to learn the language. Every year the girl changes her name and appearance and every year Adrien falls in love with the newcomer. These girls were English, American, Danish, Norwegian, and Swiss and each of them was part of her country on tour. Each had a new face, a new accent, that charm of foreigners, with their trunks and mysterious bags, who are excited at being abroad and will take one's hand as readily as lost children. These girls brought Adrien a very special kind of romantic sentiment, Nordic romance, which is saturated with poetry and differs from southern romance, which is much more sensual and more inclined to immediate realization. He learns from them how to live through the imagination in an easy, airy world, and he decides to apply absolute formulæ to his sentimental life. 'To be loved is a secondary thing, to love is the only important thing.' This abnormally solitary boyhood, devoted to grand dreams and dangerous illusions, destines him to a very different existence from that of other young men. The hundred pages in which Messrs. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud describe this period are the most charming, fine, and happy that I have ever read. What a pleasure it is to find a French novel describing an apprenticeship that is not a gloomy series of gross adventures.

Adrien has another peculiarity—that of getting intensely interested in any enterprise as soon as it becomes difficult, especially if it is undertaken to please somebody with whom he is more or less in love. Almost indifferent to everything except girls and his love affairs, he gets interested in actions only when they have to do with his particular specialty, a common trait among woman and all sentimental people.

The foreign girls who enter his life as almost purely poetic figures give him at an early age the taste for finding amorous satisfaction in a light transposition of events with a minimum of real pleasure. He remains

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chaste, not out of fear or religious sentiment but because he clearly recognizes that his chastity maintains within him the affective effervescence that is his greatest happiness. How could he compare the pleasure that some girl might give him with that delicate emotion which he begins to feel as soon as he becomes friendly with a newcomer, holds her hand, and kisses her cheeks or lips? And all these foreign girls are delightful and all these uncompleted loves occur in a charming setting that is suggested rather than described. It all seems like the distant echo of a comedy by Shakespeare or Lope de Vega, an echo that is truly enchanting.

When the pretty Nordic girls have vanished Adrien's father finds that his son has been made too effeminate by their society for him to dare to take new boarders and our cherub departs for military service. His experiences there strengthen his conviction that nothing in love is so satisfying as the opening stages and that nothing is more wonderful than the changes that the heart undergoes while subject to emotion. When a prostitute complains to him that she cannot leave a certain house because of her debts he starts gambling. He wants to win enough money to purchase her liberty, but it represents a large sum. He needs months to accumulate it. Meanwhile, the pretty child has disappeared, for her debts were an amiable fiction, and Adrien, not knowing what to do with his money, offers it to a convent. This behavior shows to what an extent the charming Adrien remains chimerical. But he does not act this way to fool people or because he is a fool himself. It is simply because he finds his own personal way of living more pleasing than the way other people want to impose on him.

RETURNING from his regiment, Adrien becomes infatuated with his sister's friend, Noémi. This cold, reticent, provincial French girl, paralyzed by bourgeois conventions and intent solely on acquiring a home of her own, is presented by Messrs. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud in somewhat malicious contrast to those wandering Nordics with few prejudices, no immediate interests, and a love of flirtations and freedom. She is so reserved, undecided, and capricious with Adrien that he finally breaks with her, which at once makes her fall in love with him. Noémi's parents, watching with displeasure the intimacy between their daughter and the young man, rent their house on the Place Saint-Fulgent. In their absence Adrien meets Clothilde, the girl who is going to upset and determine his whole life.

Clothilde is one of the best characters the Tharauds have ever created, and perhaps one of the most true, complete characters in French fiction. Believe me, I am not using these words lightly and I cannot think of another character of this type outside the English or Russian novel to be compared with this one for accuracy of detail, depth of observation, and the science with which she is revealed. Clothilde is a complete idealist who has made love into a sublime ideal. I do not say she is romantic because classic periods have always overestimated love in this way. She regards it as a marvelous union of soul and spirit. Her fixed idea is that possession destroys love and her dream is to achieve a chaste marriage. But at bottom Clothilde is an anxious person who conceals behind

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her ideal of purity that physical terror which causes profound anguish to so many women and even to some men.

Her intelligence seduces Adrien. The complexity of her character attracts his own. They feel different from other people and on the outskirts of ordinary life. For characters of this kind there is no greater pleasure than finding a response in somebody else, someone with whom to develop and exaggerate one's personal manias. In order to enjoy their refined sensations to the utmost, they make such a habit of confiding their delicate feelings to each other that they soon can not get along apart. We then arrive at a conflict of emotions so intense that Adrien, while still in love with Clothilde, renews his relations with Noémi and then rushes up to Scotland to see Paula, a Nordic girl with whom he is vaguely in love and whom he cannot make up his mind to lose.

Although Clothilde is really falling in love with Adrien she swears that she loves or almost loves in a mystical way a handsome old Spaniard she met at Granada. This reminds me of the observation André Gide once made that the presence of a double love in one person has been studied only very rarely in fiction, although it is extremely frequent in real life The Messrs. Tharaud make this just reflection on the subject through the medium of Clothilde: 'There are hours in life when the heart is disposed to follow blindly whatever it finds lovable, and when love itself, far from turning away from other affections, invites you to accept all affections by making you more generous and sensitive.' But this period of expansion and sentimental love cannot last. Clothilde quickly forgets her Spaniard. She insnares Adrien more and more tightly in her net of amorous quibbles and intentional evasions. He renounces Paula, he renounces Noémi, he renounces his varied cult of *bien-aimées* that up to then had filled his life with joy and emotion, and he devotes himself to Clothilde, who imposes a chaste marriage upon him.

Since the whole book hinges on this problem, we must stop a moment. 'There were two people in the world,' wrote Claude de Saint-Martin, the unknown philosopher, 'in whose presence God loved me. Although one of these two people was a woman, I was able to love them both as purely as I loved God, and in consequence to love them in the presence of God, which is the only way to love if one wants one's affection to last.' In reality a chaste marriage is possible only when it is conceived as a form of religious life, and there are numerous examples of this kind of thing in the lives of the saints. It seems also to have been a custom of Russian students before Bolshevism, but the revolutionary ideal has now taken the place of the vow of chastity. Actually, many young girls, hiding their secret apprehension of the flesh like Clothilde, have attempted this experience, but it never stands up against daily life unless the husband is the victim of an inhibition that he lacks the courage to cure himself of.

MANY critics and readers will find this situation impossible and anti-human, and I agree with them. Nevertheless, it is true that Messrs. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud have dealt with this subject because they have actually encountered it in real life. If I am indiscreet in saying this I do so only in

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order to avoid discussing whether or not their subject is true to life. Such a thing actually happened and that's enough. Even if it has happened only once in the circumstances that the authors have described, it has a right to our belief. Some dissatisfied people will complain that the theme is too rare, that it lacks banality, that it is eccentric, and that the classic tradition regards the abnormal with horror. Yet nothing is more false than such a theory. The great art of the classic masters was to make passions that were special, bizarre, and even abnormal seem universal.

In *The Well-Beloved* Messrs. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud have saved their hero from seeming ridiculous or impossible by the majestic power and perfect naturalness with which they tell their story. Not for a second does Adrien seem to be a fool or a lunatic, but he would be incomprehensible without that chaste adolescence spent in poetic love affairs that are described in detail. Given this youthful experience, the emotions of Adrien and Clothilde lead to the most everyday kind of life, though their situation is most paradoxical.

Adrien, having yielded the main point in this strange marriage, soon finds himself the victim of a love that is all the more exigent because it contains no sensual elements. The danger of a perfect union is that it suppresses everything that does not belong there. The woman gets used to having happiness without distraction, but there comes a moment when the man, suffocated with tenderness, always finally prefers distraction to happiness. That is the peril of all happy marriages, chaste or normal. Other marriages do not need to beware of reefs because they have been wise enough to have had their shipwrecks in port before they started. In *The Well-Beloved* we see the delightful young girl become the passionate, lucid fiancée, —her letters are marvelous,—then the absorbing, adorable woman, and finally the insupportable, tyrannical wife who Adrien finally hopes will die. Few writers have been so successful in painting one of those horrible transformations that life imposes on us and that have been presented to us in the masterpieces of George Eliot.

Clothilde finally gets cancer. At this moment one of her old friends, Valentine Vignon, comes to Morocco to pay them a visit, and Adrien falls in love with her with all the fury of a man whom life has cruelly shattered. We now see that there was goodness and pity in this boy, who always seemed happy, and we are no longer quite sure whether he ever really loved Clothilde. Throughout *The Well-Beloved* there is a constant sense of balance in the descriptions of love. The Messrs. Tharaud always delineate its frontiers. However extensive love may be, there is a moral ground that it does not touch. Everybody possesses a zone of personal life that he guards jealously for himself alone and that nobody else can penetrate. On her deathbed Clothilde makes more demands than ever. Adrien begs Valentine, who has returned to France, to come back and one evening, when he is carrying a letter supposedly written by Valentine announcing her arrival but actually written by himself, he finds her dead. His first emotion is pleasure that he is able to feel any despair at all. Later he will be happy with Valentine.

The conclusion is poignant. We

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pity Clothilde, whose idealism succeeded only in making her odious to Adrien, and we pity Adrien, too, who made such a sacrifice for almost nothing. It is true that we console ourselves by saying that if the marriage had been normal the results would have been the same after seven or eight years and Valentine would have had the same success with Adrien.

This brief outline shows how original *The Well-Beloved* is, but I have not been able to say enough about its new, personal psychology, which is full of unexpected, curious observations. And I should also like to add that it has always seemed to me that each literary generation has its own conception of love. The *précieuses* of the eighteenth century had theirs, as Corneille bears witness, and the romantics had theirs. I have often remarked that the writers of 1880 all felt things the same way, and we perceive this in Maupassant and Bourget, in Pierre Loti and Octave Mirbeau and Anatole France. And I have often asked myself if the generation to which I belong had its special point of view. I now see that it is beginning to outline itself. It appears in Marcel Proust, in the *Grand Méaulnes*, in Jean Giraudoux and the authors of *The Well-Beloved* as well as several others. It is the image of a peculiar sort of love refreshed by imagination, penetrated with intelligence, and made poetic by everyday lyricism.

URIEL DA COSTA. *By Josef Kastein. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag. 1932.*

(André Levinson in *Je Suis Partout*, Paris)

REFUSING Christianity, banned by Israel, deprived of any spiritual refuge, Uriel Da Costa was the most tragic man without a country who ever lived. But he escaped oblivion and entered the golden legend of free thought thanks to Karl Gutzkow, a contemporary of Heine and one of the 'knights of the Holy Spirit' who inspired the abortive Prussian revolution of 1848. Gutzkow made this seventeenth-century Jewish theologian, this arch heretic who fought single-handed against all comers, into the perfect type of rationalist thinker and martyr to the cause of personal religion. Gutzkow's play about Da Costa, conceived in these terms, celebrating doubt as opposed to dogma, and standing for revolt against authority, has been acted for nearly a century in the theatres of Germany and Russia. This tragedy, more filled with fiction than history, gave the obscure, pathetic precursor of Baruch Spinoza a posthumous popularity and made possible the publication and wide sale of a recent book about him by Josef Kastein.

The same author has already written a substantial, lively biography of the prodigious adventures of Sabbatai Zevi, a mystic and cabalist who was hailed as the Messiah by many of the wise and faithful and who finally lost himself by assuming the turban. We also owe to Herr Kastein a history of the Jews that makes that difficult subject fashionable and that attributes the vitality of the chosen people to their religious tradition, which was maintained by the threefold effects of isolation, selection, and concentration.

Like Benedetto Croce, this Jewish-German writer regards history as a struggle of ideas, a creation of spiritual entities, a dialectical process. Thus Uriel's extraordinary destiny and his

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schism seem to Kastein a kind of debate between the forces that rule the world. His book, which is subtitled 'The Tragedy of Conviction,' is constructed around an authentic, brilliant document, the confession that the unfortunate theorist wrote in Latin entitled *Example of a Human Life*. It would be hard to imagine an intellectual and moral drama any more tense than the life of this unfortunate gentleman.

Born in Oporto, Portugal, Da Costa was the descendant of an ennobled family of 'Marranos,' converted, assimilated Jews who were still suspected by the Inquisition. To his origin he owed his manner, his pride, his Spanish punctilio. Brought up by Jesuits, this seeker for the absolute who was haunted by a desire to save his soul was disappointed by Loyola's spiritual exercises. He therefore decided to return to the arms of his own prophets, although he knew nothing about his own people. At the risk of his life he secretly embarked for Amsterdam, a centre of tolerance where a Jewish community had been formed. He gained admission to this group and almost at once a struggle broke out between the orthodox synagogue and the anxious newcomer. The religious life of a tribe that had stiffened itself against persecution had frozen into a meticulous, rigid formalism. Denying the interpretations of his teachers, the new arrival rested his case on the Bible. Fortified with the gospel, he accused his adversaries of being Pharisees. The rabbis answered his arguments by breathing anathema against him as a trouble-maker and by trying to turn him over to the secular arm. The controversy grew more venomous and more prolonged. Da Costa, however, continued his criticism of tradition. He came to doubt divine revelation, rejected the Ten Commandments, preferring those that were given to Noah, and finally arrived at a natural religion that foreshadowed Spinoza's identification of God with nature. But the doctrinal disputes between the bigots and this pantheist led nowhere.

In order not to be excluded from all commerce with his co-religionists, in order not to be shut out from marriage, family life, and business, he decided to abjure what he had maintained. The rabbis demanded absolute submission. A friend intervened and promised the penitent that a simple expression of contrition would suffice. But the fury of the fanatics wreaked itself on this stiff-necked rebel. Having been a victim of the Inquisition themselves, they borrowed its methods. They had to have an *auto-da-fé* of their own, not a bloody one, but humiliating none the less. After making a public retraction, Uriel was stripped and tied to a stake and whipped. Then he was stretched across the temple door so that each of the faithful might step on his body. Yet even this humiliation, terrible as it was for the Portuguese nobleman, did not suffice and the persecution continued. Pushed to the limits of despair, Da Costa loaded two pistols and, after having tried to kill his treacherous friend, he shot himself in the head in his beleaguered house, thus paying with his life for his unappeased desire to see God.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Gorki's New Play

MOSCOW has celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of Maxim Gorki's literary work by presenting the first part of his new dramatic trilogy, *Egor Bulichev and Others*, before a distinguished first-night audience including Mrs. Litvinov, wife of the commissar for foreign affairs; Karakhan, her husband's assistant; and Karl Radek, the foremost Soviet pamphleteer. The play depicts the activities of a provincial bourgeois family on the eve of the February Revolution of 1917. The central figure, Egor Bulichev, lies on his deathbed, and though he incorporates most of the capitalist vices—greed, cruelty, lust, and cynicism—he possesses such humor, vitality, and frankness that he is extremely human, though hardly appealing. The plot amounts to almost nothing. Bulichev's relatives are waiting for him to die while an abbess tries to cure him with a 'holy man' who yells, gyrates, and brandishes sticks. But Bulichev has no use for religion and exasperates his relatives by deafening them with a trumpeter who pretends that he can cure cancer with his blasts while Bulichev keeps giving him more rubles and ironically urges him to 'blow for the Day of Judgment.' The only other strong character in the play is Bulichev's illegitimate daughter, Shura, who yearns for the revolution and seems destined to become an important character in subsequent installments of the trilogy.

Gorki has so little sympathy with the remaining characters, who are all members of the middle class, that they do not seem lifelike, and the lack of action makes matters worse. Probably no other Russian playwright would be allowed to devote himself so exclusively to individuals rather than social problems, and it is ironic that Gorki's excessive individualism lays him open to the same complaints of dullness that are made against other Russian playwrights for not concerning themselves enough with single characters. Only at the beginning and end of the play does he make a concession to contemporary Soviet taste. The prologue shows five Russian soldiers reading about the first stages of the War in various newspapers, from extreme conservative organs to illegal Bolshevist leaflets, and the play closes to the strains of the 'Marseillaise,' which the crowds are singing on the street outside the Bulichev home. Perhaps the two installments that are still to come, showing the adventures of the Bulichevs during the civil war, the Nep, and the Five-Year Plan, will contain more sociological material.

More about Vaihinger

THE sketch of Hans Vaihinger that appeared in our 'Persons and Personages' department a month ago gave a bare outline of his famous 'as if' philosophy. His eightieth birthday has been widely celebrated in the German press and has brought forth many detailed analyses of his teachings. Since we have already told something about them, we are appending here the concluding portion of an exposition of his philosophy written by Emerich Balog of Vienna for the *Pester Lloyd* describing the moral consequences of Vaihinger's doctrine.

'In our ethical, æsthetic, religious, and social ideas, the imaginary is more important than what is commonly called the real. Freedom, for instance, is something completely unreal. But in order to make living together possible, in order to give expiation and punishment some foundation, we have to regard human beings as if they were free. Although the real existence of God cannot be proved, any

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community that does not believe in him has a hard time getting on. God is a "regulative principle," a "moral world regent." We must act as if our deeds were the commands of a divine lawgiver. We feel responsibility for our desires as if we were always on the point of being called to judgment before a lofty tribunal. By personifying this imaginary world men are able to create for themselves somebody to pray to, otherwise their prayers would seem to be rising into empty air. The reality of religion resides in the inner values, the moral acts of people, not in the rational, observable world. We must not be led astray because political and religious fictions are proclaimed by the leaders of certain movements as absolute truths and dogmas. Human beings are so varied that they always need to have ready at hand certain truths that seem to be firmly established. For these alone can serve as the basis for decisive activity. Admittedly false teachings can never hold a wide popular following.

'The "as if" philosophy is profoundly pessimistic, but it is a creative pessimism which recognizes that we cannot comprehend the world in any absolute sense but that thinking and being are harmonized in practical activity. There is no such thing as unqualified truth, not even in science. The most intolerant conviction is revealed as false when surveyed at close range. This is a doctrine that our excited, hate-filled era ought to take deeply to heart. If we draw social conclusions from the thesis of the "as if" philosophy we arrive at this fundamental conclusion. Remember that the truth in which he who is nearest to you believes and which he thinks is as firm as a rock, but which you deny, has its reason for existence; that the world always moves forward as a result of synthesis, and that in consequence every conviction represents a humble stone in the huge edifice of the universe, which would be poorer without it. Therefore respect the convictions of others; be tolerant.'

Selma Lagerlöf at Home

TWO years ago Hans E. Engel of Vienna wrote Selma Lagerlöf a letter of congratulation on her seventieth birthday. She acknowledged his reply with a personal note and since then he has sent her greeting cards every Easter and Christmas, all of which she has likewise acknowledged. But it was not until this summer that Herr Engel achieved his real ambition and succeeded in meeting her in her own house, called Marbacka, in Varmland. Writing in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, he described her dwelling place as follows:—

'I recognized it from the pictures that I had seen of it. Two heavy iron chains shut off the garden. I walked up to them with a determined tread, opened them, crossed the little garden, and stood at the glass front door. I could feel the heart beats in my neck. Finally, I took up my courage and knocked on the door three times. After waiting vainly for a few minutes I went around to a side entrance. From there I made my way to the kitchen, where I finally succeeded in presenting my card. I was then taken by the maid to the glass door at which I had first attempted to gain admission.

'She was sitting behind the door, Selma Lagerlöf herself. Slightly embarrassed, I approached her at her desk. Her skin is snow white. Her steel-blue eyes radiate kindness and understanding. She made conversation easy after an opening exchange of compliments. What a pleasure it was to listen to her slightly sad voice. She speaks softly and slowly, without superfluous words.'

The conversation turned to world politics, on which subject Selma Lagerlöf expressed herself as follows: 'It would be better if people would come to their senses and remember that they are men and not animals, as they so often seem to be. For we are really all human beings and should not hurt each other in the little span of time we have together on this

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earth merely because some other person is born in a different part of the world or believes in a different religion. These should not be reasons for feeling superior to others, for in every nation there are good and bad people and one should not condemn the good ones because of the bad ones. On the contrary, the good people everywhere should work together in order to accomplish what we have striven for during thousands of years—real peace on earth. That is all that I believe.'

Herr Engel then asked her a question of still greater interest and moment: 'What do you think of Greta Garbo?'

'I do not believe,' replied Selma Lagerlöf, 'that she is what most people imagine her to be. I do not believe that she says she is lonely merely in order to get publicity. I believe that she is really speaking the truth.'

As Herr Engel was about to take his leave he asked permission to describe his visit, which was gladly granted.

Mencken in Chinese

IN HIS book on the American language H. L. Mencken rewrote the Declaration of Independence in what he called the 'American vulgate' and in that way showed the changes that had come over the King's English after a century and a half of democratic rule. Now Lin Yutang, a contributor to the *China Critic* of Shanghai, has written an English version of the way Mr. Mencken's words would read in Chinese. Here is the way the declaration begins, first in American, then in the retranslation from Chinese:—

'When things get so balled up that the people of a country have got to cut loose from some other country, and go it on their own hook, without asking no permission from nobody, excepting maybe God Almighty, then they ought to let everybody know why they done it, so that everybody can see they are on the level, and not trying to put nothing over nobody.'

Retranslation from Chinese: 'Heaven punish our people, country's affairs daily wrong. We decided to self-stand and not look up to other people's nostril-breath. Hence this declaration to show that we no can stop it. Ask heart no shame. Look heaven no hide. This heart bright-bright. Ten thousand years together watch!'

As the argument progresses both Mr. Mencken and his Chinese translator warm to their task:—

'Of course, that don't mean a revolution every day like them South American coons and yellow-bellies and Bolsheviki, or every time some job-holder goes to work and does something he ain't got no business to do. It is better to stand a little graft than to have revolutions all the time, like them coons and Bolsheviki, and any man that was n't an anarchist or one of them I. W. W.'s would say the same.'

Retranslation from Chinese: 'Self-so, revolution is not home-cooked food, like no-civilized furrin men of South America and Russian share-property-party fellows. Self-so, no can once official lose duty, then revolution. One day one revolution, no bones left, and people like charcoal ashes. A little squeeze-oil more good than one day one revolution like South Americans and Russian share-property men. All not no-government men and not world workers also say same thing.'

'But when things get so bad that a man ain't hardly got no rights no more, but you might also call him a slave, then everybody ought to get together and throw the grafters out, and put in new ones who won't carry on so high and steal so much, and then watch them. This is the proposition the people of these Colonies is up against, and they have got tired of it, and won't stand it no more. The administration of the present King, George III, has been rotten from the start, and when anybody kicked about it he always tried to get away with it by strong-arm work.'

Retranslation from Chinese: 'But it more bad than this. The people's rights

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peeled and robbed clean. Live no peaceful house; sit no peaceful seat. Old men, young men, male men, female men, lead one another and cry on roadside, while officials shave earth's skin and suck people's juice. Then only way is push fall present government, and set new government and look on, in order they no get shave earth's skin and suck people's juice. The people of the Plant-people-earth stand no can stand and make revolution for this reason. Present-time Heaven Son, a half-asleep common fellow, blind and deaf to people's cries. All people's petitions, no but no listen, but other hand fearful force press hard.'

Finally, Mr. Lin Yutang adds a glossary of Chinese terms that throw some light on the more obscure expressions in his translation:—

Self-stand: independence.
Look up to other people's nostril-breath: wait on others' pleasure.
No can: cannot.
Self-so: of course.
Home-cooked food: everyday affair.
Share-property: communist.
Squeeze-oil: graft.
No-government: anarchism.
Shave earth's skin: rob people.
Suck people's juice: ditto.
Plant-people-earth: colony.
Stand no can stand: cannot stand any more.
No but no: not only not.

Death of Cohen-Portheim

AT THE untimely age of fifty-two Paul Cohen-Portheim, author of *Time Stood Still; England, the Unknown Isle;* and *The Discovery of Europe* died in Paris in early October. Readers of The Living Age can well appreciate what a loss this means, for his essays had been appearing here from time to time even before the first of his books had been translated into English. Only a month ago we had the pleasure of presenting one of the last things he ever wrote, 'England's Post-War Novelists.' Harold Nicolson's review of *The Discovery of Europe* was reprinted in our 'Books Abroad' department in September, a delicate return for the compliment that its author paid Mr. Nicolson when he translated *Some People* into German.

Paul Cohen-Portheim was an outstanding product of the *fin de siècle* æstheticism. Born in Berlin, educated in Geneva, this Austrian citizen embarked on an artist's career in Paris. Finding himself in England at the outbreak of the War, he was interned in a concentration camp after the first Zeppelin raid and devoted four years to reading history, German, Indian philosophy, and the Bible. It was this experience that provided the material for *Time Stood Still*, one of the minor literary classics of the War. When peace came he wrote his most ambitious book, *Asia as Educator*, for which he drew an illustration showing Buddha holding the lotus flower and the swastika cross. The latter object, by the way, had not then acquired its present political significance. Signing himself 'P,' he urged West and East to understand each other and to reconcile individualism and universalism. The book attracted wide attention in German-speaking countries and he followed it with more limited appeals for international comprehension. In *The French Spirit and Europe* and *England, the Unknown Isle* he tried to portray two foreign cultures with the utmost cordiality, and his last book, *The Discovery of Europe*, was a plea for a united Europe animated by the bourgeois individualism of the 1890's. His philosophy he summed up as follows in his first book:—

'The ego and the non-ego are one. Life is becoming, and death is becoming; humanity is a becoming toward God, but God is the becoming and he is also the Being that is reflected in becoming. God is the growth, the balance, the harmony—the rest that embraces all movement. Spaceless, timeless, the eternal Being.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

The Marx Brothers Abroad

STARTING in vaudeville, graduating to musical comedy, and culminating in the talkies, the Four Marx Brothers have now become international celebrities. In 1931 their next to last production, *Monkey Business*, made more money than any other picture of the year and now *Horse Feathers*, a burlesque of American university life, is having a great success here and abroad. The British, with characteristic aplomb, have adopted the Four Marxes as their own, and the high-brow columns of the *New Statesman and Nation* recently contained the following tribute from Francis Birrell:—

Though *Horse Feathers*, like other Marx pictures, consists of a series of culs-de-sac, it has a unity of speed and tone that we do not find elsewhere. The wise-cracks might, with advantage, be still further diminished, for the dialogue is still too important in itself. It is an obstruction, not a signpost, to the development of the picture and reminds us again that the Marx Brothers learned their technique on the stage or in the fair. They still remain, somewhat excessively, stars who do their particular stunts in rotation and would make the clown's direct appeal to his friends in the audience. *Horse Feathers*, in fact, still wavers. Nevertheless, as a picture, if nothing else, it is the best thing they have done, and leads one to hope that one day they will produce a really good film, instead of only a really good entertainment. To do this, however, they must forget their origin and perhaps sacrifice a good deal of their immediate popularity.

This popularity is indeed a curious phenomenon, and one cannot but wonder how much of it is genuine or, at any rate, intelligent. For they appear to me far the most advanced thing that has been put upon the screen. I do not mean merely that they are crude, and frankly vulgar, the only film artists in Europe or America that do not make some appeal to sentimentality. Rather I mean that the very nature of their humor is so autosuggestive in its sequence, so apparently disconnected, so purely subjective, that it would, I should have thought, have been unintelligible to more than 'a small and Pharisaical minority.' But presumably *surréalisme* has a direct appeal to the majority, which I should never have expected. The Marx Brothers films and *Palmy Days* are the only *surréaliste* pictures to have a general release, and they have all been great successes. (As a picture I am inclined to rate *Palmy Days* higher than anything done by the Marx Brothers.) But presumably the English have a genius for appreciating this sort of thing, and indeed they invented it. Lear is too purely literary to have any particular connotation with screen æsthetic. But *The Hunting of the Snark* really does look like a Marx film.

The Victorian culture of Carroll has been soured by the beastliness of a Fascist generation into the anarchy of a Marx film. But still they do both seem to be part of the same movement and the popularity of each is a matter of interest. The amusement that lies in pointless and motiveless pursuit lies at the bottom both of the *Snark* and the Marx Brothers, and pursuit in one form or another has been at the bottom of most good film work. We see it in Wild West films, in gangsters, in Charlie Chaplin, in René Clair, in Fairbanks, and many others. The Marx Brothers invented nothing new here; but they gave an old *motif* a new twist when they introduced the psychological dis-

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turbance that is caused by seeing something that is mad and aimless, like the activities of the Banderlog, or at any rate something which, if not utterly disconnected, depends for its connections on the workings of the unconscious. In trying to be as old as clowns and as new as *surréalistes*, the Marx Brothers have landed themselves with a problem they have never completely solved, though they have come nearer to solving it in *Horse Feathers* than in their other pictures; and perhaps if they will forget themselves, scrap most of the interlude on which they depend for their immediate response, in fact, turn into a set of unpopular and self-conscious high-brows, they may really produce a work of art that is in tune with the sensibility of the age. And perhaps for the reasons suggested above, because of Lear, because of Carroll, they may eventually win both an artistic and a popular triumph—at any rate in England.

Mr. Birrell's reference to *surréalisme* is a happy one, for the French critic, Philippe Soupault, who used to be prominent in *surréaliste* circles, has also indorsed *Horse Feathers* in *L'Europe Nouvelle:*—

One often feels as if one were looking at the show in a deforming mirror. The comedy of the Marx Brothers lifts us out of reality by exaggerating our peculiarities and aggravating our habits. We are neither shocked nor vexed by this caricature, but astonished to recognize ourselves. All our usual gestures become mechanical and we laugh, we laugh at ourselves. But the real quality of the Marx Brothers and of their extravagant, excessive comedy remains human. They are exactly like ordinary people and act just as we should act if social regulations did not prevent us from behaving in that way.

Their latest film not only possesses comic dialogue that is heightened by picturesque New York slang, it not only achieves comic situations, but it is over and above everything else a human comedy. This comic cocktail makes their new film a kind of masterpiece. I believe that though most films rapidly go out of style this satiric comedy will make us laugh for a long time to come. It can be shown after years have passed and there is a good chance that it will make us laugh then as much as it does now.

It is a strange fact that America has a monopoly of comedies. Neither the Germans nor the Russians nor, to an even greater extent, the French succeed in turning out such really profoundly comic films. What pictures can be compared with those of Charlie Chaplin and the Marx Brothers, even with those of Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd? Thanks to these comedies the American cinema does not expire. It seems that this vein is inexhaustible. The last production of the Marx Brothers leads us to believe that the American film, in spite of its faults, can still save itself and thanks to this fantasy enter upon a new life. For comedy and, still more, fantasy, enable it to make discoveries, to escape from the stereotyped, and to abandon the beaten path.

Burned Children

WHEREAS a burned child is reputed to avoid fire, mature Americans who are burned on the stock market never lose their desire to speculate. Theodor Emanuel Gugenheim Gregory, professor of banking in the University of London, who visited the United States last summer and fall to attend the Williamstown Institute of Politics, has returned to England with some discouraging opinions about what America has learned from the depression. Here is the way he expressed himself in the columns of the *Spectator:*—

Whereas in previous visits I had been impressed by the willingness of American

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business men to discuss the idea of a planned economy, by the almost universal interest in Russia, and by the beginning of a sympathetic interest in problems of unemployment insurance, I was on this occasion impressed by the rapidity with which such intellectual preoccupations had fallen into the background as soon as it seemed as if the corner had been turned. I left the United States on this occasion with the very definite impression that Americans as a whole have learned nothing from the depression, that the next heavy outbreak of speculative fever will be as bad as the last, and that America as a whole does not want a stabilized world. What people do want is a rising stock market in which they can recover some of the losses of the past. Nothing is more striking to an Englishman, in the present phase of the world depression, than the almost complete absence of any rational discussion in the press of the problem and the magnitude of unemployment. Definitely Republican papers may well prefer to avoid problems of this kind in an election year; but I failed to observe any general preoccupation with these problems anywhere in the East. I am told that this was not the case last winter or this spring. If that is so, it shows how quickly public opinion can change.

A Frenchman Watches Our Campaign

HENRI DE KERILLIS, influential Paris journalist and deputy of the *Bloc National*, reported the progress of America's presidential election in the columns of the reactionary and clerical *Echo de Paris*. Here is what he had to say about the use of publicity:—

What does political passion signify in a new country with no history or tradition where the population is made up of successive layers of foreign emigrants so different from each other and so completely uprooted from the original surroundings that once determined their individual states of mind and sentimental preferences? What does political passion signify when the choice is between two men who are so much alike, both members of the upper middle class, both social conservatives of the puritan type? What does political passion signify when two parties present platforms that are so similar even on the great question of Prohibition, as well as on the tariff, toward which the Democratic attitude can hardly be distinguished from the Republican? What mysterious force is brutally impelling into a single political arena crowds of Mid-Western and Far Western farmers and turbulent, city-dwelling masses who are as remote from each other as London is from Vienna, Paris from Moscow, Berlin from Rome?

You know the answer—the mystery of publicity. This is what sets in motion formidably violent but artificial and superficial political currents that suddenly, for a brief moment, run through the whole country in every direction.

Cinemas by the hundred thousand enable people to see and hear Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover talking to them familiarly. Innumerable radio stations scattered throughout the whole American empire carry the voices of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt to the humblest log cabin and to the hundredth story of the skyscraper. More than twenty thousand newspapers inundate the country with campaign literature. There is nothing about Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt we do not know. We are told the least of their desires and gestures. They cannot blow their noses without our knowing whether their handkerchiefs are white or blue. We know all about their wives, their children, and are told how many times a day their little dogs sit up and beg. Finally, the names and pictures of these great men line all the streets. We find them in shop windows and, in the open country, displayed in private houses. They go

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promenading on automobile radiators, on men's lapels, and on women's dresses.

The unfortunate thing about this scientific, systematic, and omnipotent publicity is that it robs the election of much originality. There are few public meetings organized at the last minute in the local schoolhouse or anywhere else, as is the case in our country. There is nothing of the variety, humor, and occasional odiousness of our struggles. There is nothing of the house-to-house canvassing that is so picturesque in England. Across vast territories two grave gentlemen, each of them backed up by half a dozen other grave gentlemen, bombard each other over the radio with speeches as boring as the rain. It is indescribably monotonous.

Stimson, Japan, and William Randolph Hearst

WITH the namesakes of the Hoover-Stimson doctrine in Asia headed for private life, and with the star of Hearst in the ascendant, considerable timeliness is attached to the following editorial from the *China Weekly Review*, an American-owned periodical published in Shanghai:—

We have no way of knowing what adjectives the Japanese use in their native-language newspapers in referring to Col. Henry L. Stimson, United States Secretary of State, but they apparently have almost worn out their English dictionaries in the search for expressive terms for use in referring to the author of the new international doctrine of nonrecognition of stolen territory. In last week's issue of the *Review* we reprinted a reference from the official Japanese newspaper, *Manchuria Daily News*, published at Dairen, wherein a Japanese writer referred to the 'vague; meandering, aimless gabbles anent Manchuria by the present-day occupant of the White House and his Secretary of State.' Then there was reference to the 'rainbow theories' of the Secretary of State and considerable sarcasm about his 'quibbling over verbose documents,' and words to similar effect. In addition to the verbal bombs hurled at Secretary Stimson, the Japanese cartoonists have also had considerable sport. One cartoon depicting him in sailor garb appeared in the English edition of the *Osaka Mainichi*. The heading over the cartoon read as follows: 'In Difficult Position—Col. Henry Stimson's Far Eastern Policy Up against a Wall of Unpopularity—Even the American Journals Are Poking Fun at His Peculiar Diplomacy.' Under the cartoon was published a long telegram from Takeo Ohara, Japanese correspondent in New York for the Osaka paper, who apparently derived much joy from a cartoon and editorial attack on Col. Stimson that had appeared in the Hearst newspapers. In describing the Hearst cartoon the Japanese correspondent said Col. Stimson reminded him of a man hanging from a slender branch of a tree while beneath him was Japan in the form of a crocodile awaiting with 'big open mouth' to devour him. The dispatch also referred to the recent visit of Senator Reed to Europe as President Hoover's emissary and declared that Senator Reed's alleged success in lining up Europe in favor of the Hoover-Stimson policy in the Far East 'is greatly minimized if not completely discredited.'

The Japanese newspapers have derived great satisfaction from Hearst's attack on the American Secretary of State, Hearst now being regarded as Japan's outstanding friend in the United States. At the meeting of the Tokyo Privy Council when the decision was made to recognize Manchukuo, a high Japanese diplomatic official was called in to report on the status of world opinion with respect to Japan's present activities in Manchuria. After surveying sentiment in the various countries of Europe, the diplomatic official informed the privy counselors, the cabinet officials, and the Emperor that William R. Hearst was Japan's chief friend in America.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

original, and penetrating view of the world. He has lately been visiting a Greek son-in-law of his and brings back some upsetting descriptions of how Greek hosts feed their guests. Although the quantity and quality of the food that he was forced to consume may be peculiarly Greek, the shabby-genteel bourgeois setting in which he was entertained is as universal as the family picture album.

A GERMAN visitor to Mount Athos who took residence among the monks and studied in their libraries describes the physical surroundings, the daily routine, the historic background, and the character of the men who now choose the religious life. Even in such a holy spot he finds the same skepticism that exists in the outer world, but he also evokes an atmosphere that has little in common with most of our modern institutions.

CORNELIA SORABJI is the daughter of an Indian Christian minister. She attended Oxford, studied law, and was appointed in 1904 by the Government of Bengal as legal adviser to the Court of Wards. She has written a book on *Love and Life behind the Purdah* and has contributed short stories and articles to the British and American press.

A PURITAN ERA of proletarian art has come to an end in Russia at precisely the same time that the peasant is being allowed to sell some of his grain on the open market. Dr. Richard Lewinsohn describes the official encouragement that is being given to a 'brighter Moscow' movement, in order to release some hitherto suppressed impulses and to help make people forget the material miseries of a bitter winter.

ANOTHER GERMAN student of Russian life reports on the new turn in Russian literature in greater detail. It seems that Soviet critics have divided post-revolutionary literature into three five-year periods—the first a period of revolutionary exaltation, the second an objective period dominated by Tolstoi, and the third a subjective period dominated by Dostoievski. Russian writers believe that their immediate task is to master individual psychology.

THE FIRST of our two 'street scenes' also has a Russian background. It consists of an interview between a German visitor and a nine-year-old schoolgirl who has received orthodox Communist training. When her generation comes of age the world will see a new feminine type compared to which the present Soviet women will look like so many Jane Austen heroines.

BUT Moscow is not the only city where youth is in the saddle. Richard Hülsenbeck, who has visited many foreign lands in recent years, describes modern Constantinople, where the schoolchildren make speeches to the mayor while their parents listen in fear and trembling. Herr Hülsenbeck encountered on his way into the city a representative modern Turk whose fate illustrates some of the shortcomings of Turkish modernism.

WE OWE our readers an apology for the article, 'Outshining Mata Hari,' by H. Berndorf, that appeared in our November issue. We made our own translation from a current issue of *Vu*, only to discover after it had appeared in print that the same material had already appeared in the United States in another translation as part of a book entitled *Espionage*, published by D. Appleton. But if our readers are as ignorant as we were, perhaps we do not owe them an apology after all, for now they know that they can find in *Espionage* more adventures as exciting as those of the redoubtable Fräulein Doktor.

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WAR AND PEACE

WAR should no longer be the source and subject of rights, we all agree, but, in truth, the law of nations at times resembles a system of philosophic anarchy that works very well if there are no lawbreakers but in times of stress and storm puts the good or weak at the mercy of the bad or strong when all are not conscientious and law-abiding. Unless great nations are prepared to make their mandates effective by force, such mandates are a mere moral obligation, for no system of law in the true sense can exist without some external power to enforce it.—*Chief Judge Cuthbert Pound at the dedication of Myron Taylor Hall, Cornell University.*

It is truly strange that those who most criticize the League for weakness are the very ones who most resolutely oppose strengthening it. Happily the logic of facts is stronger than the passion of men, and facts are working more and more every day to convince peoples that they can have peace and prosperity only by accepting a better international organization.—*Nicolas Politis, Greek President of the League of Nations Assembly.*

If the will not to tolerate war expresses itself still in diverse formulas it is from now on common at least to all civilized nations.—*Édouard Herriot, French Premier.*

Advance, work and, if and when necessary, fight.—*Motto for next decade of Fascist régime, by Benito Mussolini.*

Germany demands now as then that other countries reduce their armaments to a level that, with consideration for each country's particular situation, would correspond in the end to the measure of armament imposed upon us by the Treaty of Versailles.—*Adolf Hitler, German National Socialist leader.*

War being outlawed, it is logical that he who wages war shall be deprived of the economic aid without which adventures of this kind could get nowhere in the modern world. It is necessary at the same time that it be known in advance that any result territorially or otherwise obtained by violation of the Briand-Kellogg Pact will not be recognized by the body of civilized nations.—*Joseph Paul-Boncour, French War Minister.*

Regaining the liberty to use and develop Germany's creative forces is the aim of German nationalism. That is what I mean by nationalism. It is not one that will lead toward war but toward peaceful, spiritual competition that will benefit all nations alike.—*Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, former president of the Reichsbank.*

Almost everywhere in the world the foreigner is no longer looked at with amused and sympathetic curiosity; every one looks at him not as a possible friend but as a possible competitor. Such a state of mind is bound to change if the world is to avoid dangerous clashes.—*Paul Claudel, French Ambassador to the United States.*

It is not infrequently said by alarmist papers that a war between the two countries [Japan and the United States] will come, or may come. But, however warlike a nation may be, no country will fight its best customer; common sense prohibits that.—*Dr. Inazo Nitobe, member of the Japanese House of Peers.*

It would be utterly inconsistent for the League or any other organization or any nation that respects world peace and the doctrine of self-determination of peoples to attempt actions that would tend to alter unnecessarily already existing international relations, thereby shadowing the future of the 30,000,000 inhabitants of this land and further complicating the world situation. Any such attempt we vigorously oppose.—*Hsieh Chieh-shih, Manchukuo Foreign Minister.*

To us, living on the edge of the most disturbed continent, peace is not only desirable but essential. But our colleagues of the League of Nations should ask themselves if the existing peace machinery is quite perfect if it fails to provide a remedy for the encroachments and attacks we have suffered for many years as a result of warfare among Chinese militarists.—*Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese delegate to the League of Nations.*

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